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Drawer 13A

Assassination - Related Events

1/10/07 08:00 09:00







# The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

## Last Day / Last Weeks

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection







The last day.

L and the cabinet meeting

Grant and S

The invitations

Discussions at the cab meeting

Grants report

Discussion on reconns N.C.

Injunctions of silence by L

Stantons subsequent betrayal see Welles

L visit to the Montauk at the Navy yd.

Consult Ford on Booth movements

Bring in the guard company

Crook and Parker

L visit to the telegraph ofc

his effort to get Eckert as gd.

Sen Stewarts visit

Conness Sumner and Stewart

Sumner at Wht hs

That he had been forbidden the wht hs

That Stan knew of the plot to kidnap

did not restrain Booth

That he apprehended danger

that he advised Grant against going acct danger

that neither S not Grant took any steps to afford protection to L  
against the apprehended danger

That the apprehension was based upon the reports of kidnaping plot

that S had knowledge of Booths complicity in the kidnap plot

Go into detail as to the get waya and the failure to prevent escape

the shorting of the telegraph lines

Failure to furnish Richards mounts

Stanton conduct at the Peterson house

Ward Lamon out of town

What happened at Swards

Booth and Atz at Kirkwood

Booth leaves note for Johnson at Kirkwood

Senator Farwell visits Johnson

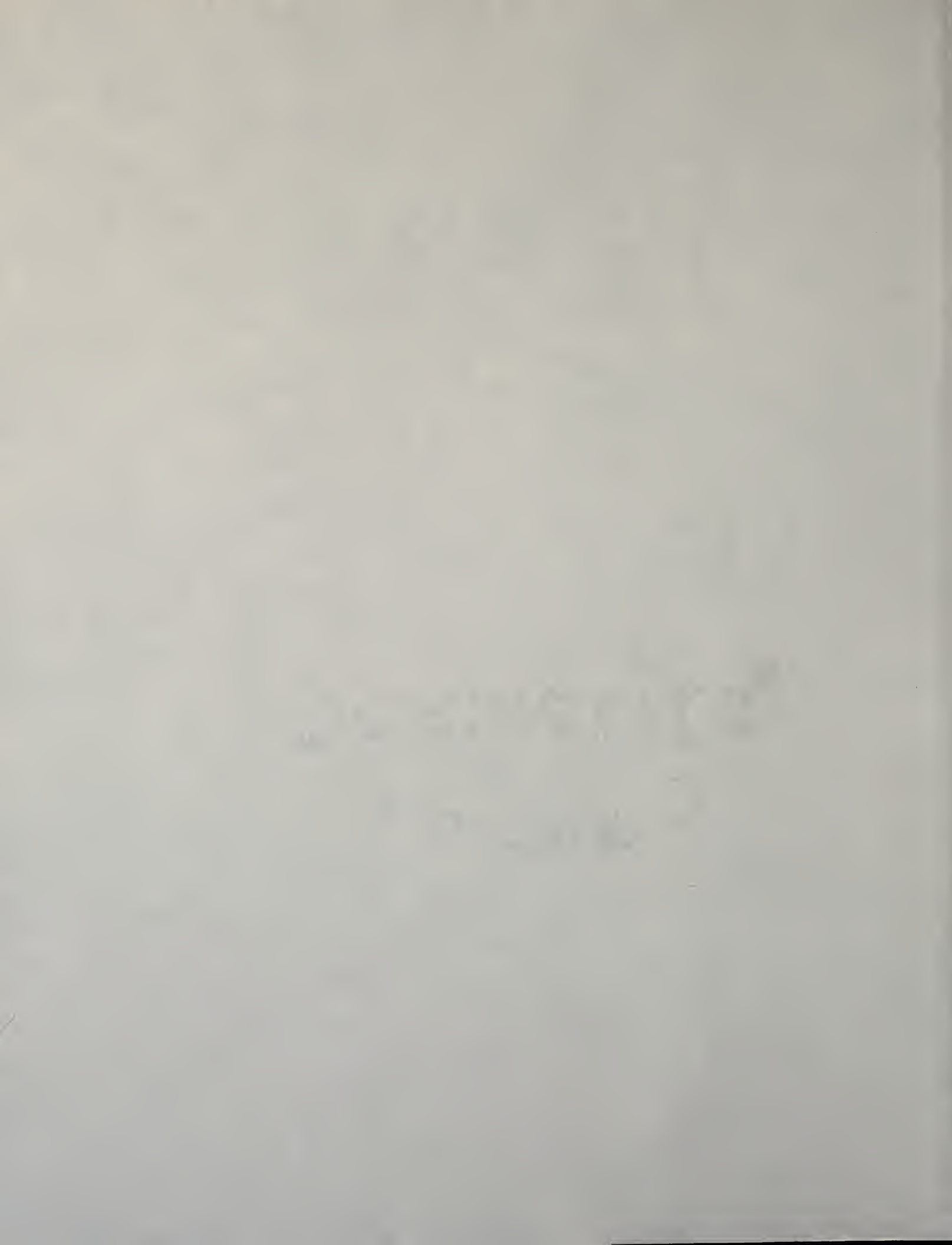
Sent back and to find out

Johnson goes but declines guard

Atz movements

Paynes and Herolds movements







## Lincoln's Last Hours.

[From the Boston Christian Leader.]

A letter on the religious character of President Lincoln by Mr. Miner, an old neighbor and friend of the President, contains some facts not heretofore known. We give its conclusion:

1852

"It has been a matter of regret to many good men that he came to his tragic end in such a place. But if the circumstances of his going there were fully known, it might relieve their minds somewhat. It has been said that Mrs. Lincoln urged her husband to go to the theater against his will. This is not so. On the contrary, she tried to persuade him not to go, but he insisted. I have this statement from Mrs. Lincoln herself. He said: 'I must have a little rest. A large procession of excited and overjoyed people will visit me to-night. My arms are now lame shaking hands with the multitude, and the people will pull me to pieces.' He went to the theater, not because he was interested in the play, but because he was careworn and needed quiet and repose. Mrs. Lincoln informed me that he seemed to take no notice of what was going on in the theater from the time he entered till the discharge of the fatal pistol. He was overjoyed at the thought that the war was over, and there would be no further destruction of life. She said the last day he lived was the happiest of his life. The very last moments of his conscious life were spent in conversation with his wife about his future plans and what he wanted to do when his term of office had expired. He said he wanted to visit the Holy Land and see those places hallowed by the footprints of the Savior. He said there was nothing he so much desired to see as Jerusalem, and with this word half spoken on his tongue the bullet from the pistol of the assassin entered his brain, and the soul of the great and good President was carried by the angels to the New Jerusalem above."

As has been mentioned above Ford's theater yet stands, a fitting monument to the last tragic chapter of Abraham Lincoln's life. The building is no longer used as a playhouse and the interior has undergone extensive alterations, but the exterior presents practically the same appearance that it did on the night of that fateful 14th of April. After the assassination of Lincoln, Ford's theater was closed by order of the federal authorities and in 1866 the government purchased the building. It was remodeled and adapted to the uses of the record and pension division of the war department. While serving such purpose it was on June 9, 1893, the scene of a second memorable tragedy. A collapse of the floors occurred and many government clerks were killed outright or seriously injured. However, the catastrophe did not carry down to ruin that most significant memento, —the proscenium pillar next to which President Lincoln sat when he was killed. This support has been preserved in place, properly marked, all these years.

1890

On what was President Lincoln conversing when he was killed?

1853

NETHKERTON.

He was not conversing about anything. President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Maj. Rathbone and his fiancée, Miss Harris, were in a box at Ford's Theater, Washington, listening to the play, Our American Cousin, by Tom Taylor, in which Laura Keane was the star. At the moment that Booth fired his shot the stage was occupied by Miss Keane, who played the part of the heroine, and by *Ann Trenchard*, the American Cousin. No one of the actors was able afterward to say what the last words of the play spoken that night had been, but *Ann* had just offered his fortune to *Florence Trenchard* when the shot was fired.

Abraham Lincoln has been dead almost thirty years and yet we can see Booth, his assassin, steal in upon him in the quiet of his apartment in Ford's theater, hear the pistol shot and the commotion, see him leap upon the stage and retreat to the rear door, take the rein from his attendant and mount, hear the clatter of hoofs down the hard pavement of Pennsylvania Ave., feel the awful silence and gloom that gathered about the nation's capital and sped like lightning over all the world, and can hear the last fatal shot and see the flames in Booth's dying hour when surrounded at last by patriotic pursuers and can see the damp stone at the bottom of the old government arsenal in Washington that covers his despised carcass. There rests a traitor, an assassin, a demon, while Lincoln's laurels are fresher today than when the funeral train departed for his old home and future resting place in Springfield.

-1855

"Booth had not been acting for nearly a year before he killed Lincoln, but had been speculating in oil. He was a frequent visitor at the theater, where he had free entre, and he knew every part of it well. About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 14th I met him in front of the theatre and spoke to him, asking him to have a drink with me. He was reading a letter, and as he put it back into his pocket I heard him say 'the same woman.' I saw nothing unusual in his actions the few moments we were together. When I saw him jump on the stage that night he wore the same suit of clothes, and that helped me to recognize him readily. In getting to the president's box that night Booth went through the dress circle or first balcony, as we would call it now. The upper box was on a level with the balcony, and nearly nine feet above the stage. There were really two boxes, but they had been thrown together for the president's party. Behind the boxes was a small passageway, from which a door opened to the dress circle. When Booth entered this passage he slipped a bar across the door opening to the dress circle so that he could not be followed. The bar had been put there in the afternoon."

1876

DR. OCTAVIUS K. YATES, West Paris, Me.—It will be just twenty-six years ago next Tuesday night that Lincoln was assassinated. I was in Ford's Theater that night and saw the whole bloody deed. Knowing that Lincoln was to attend the theater that night, myself and a friend bought seats in the first gallery, away around to the side, opposite Lincoln's box, so as to get a good sight of him. During the performance I noticed a man pass along on the opposite side of our gallery and go into the rear of the President's box, but supposed it was one of the employees. A minute later I heard the pistol-shot, and looked across to see a man with a knife in his hand put one foot over the front of the box and fall half sprawling to the stage. The President's head was drooped down and a little to one side. When the man on the stage rose to his feet and shook his knife, I knew in a second that he had shot the President. I put my hand to my hip-pocket for my revolver, but I had forgotten to take it when I had changed my clothes before going to the theater. If I had had it I am certain I could have shot the villain. He ran limping to the other side of the stage and disappeared behind the scenes. I did not hear him say "Sic semper tyrannis," or anything else, and I don't believe he did.

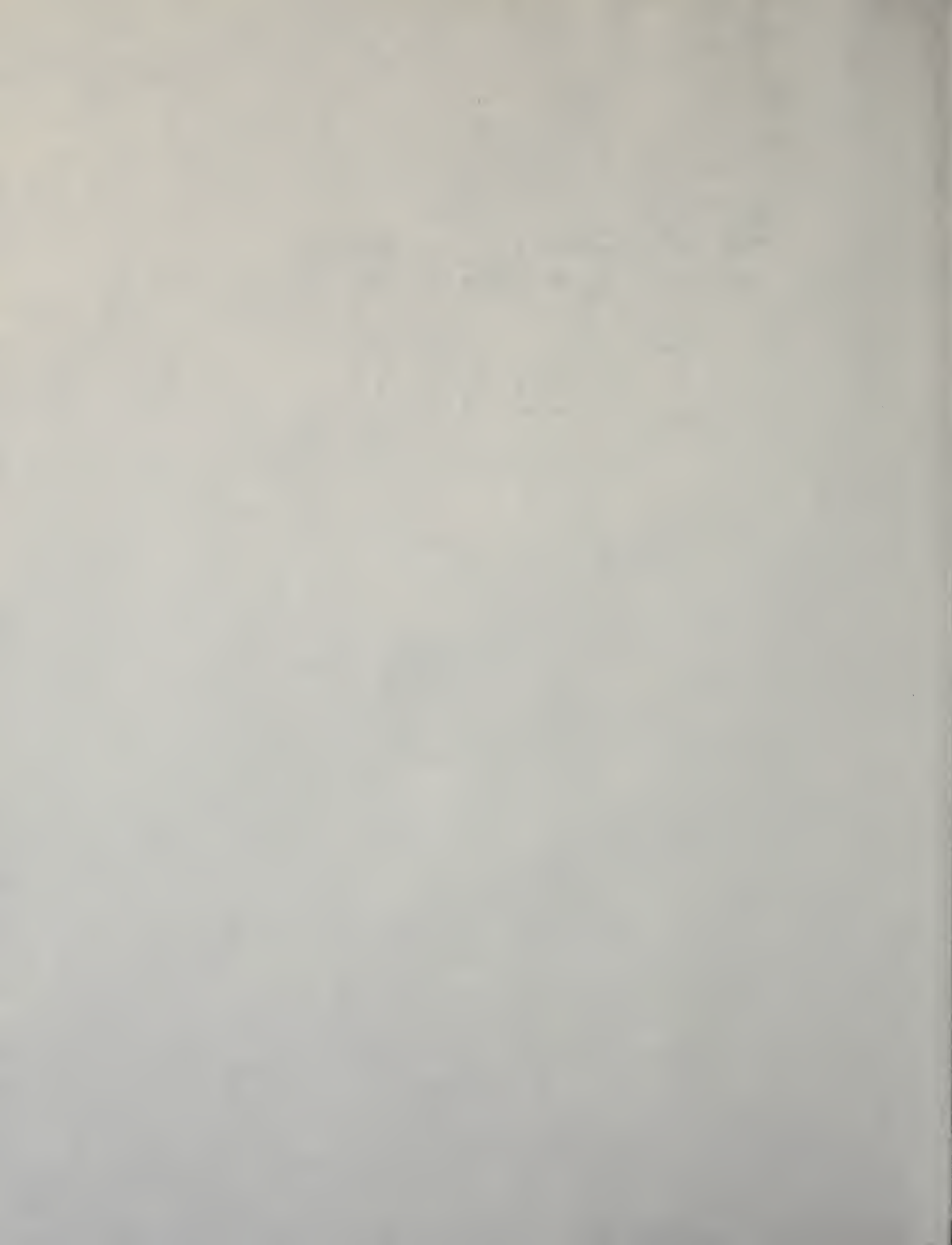
It is recalled that the only attempted presidential assassinations before that of Lincoln and this of Garfield was in January, 1835, when Richard Lawrence, a crazy painter, snapped a pistol twice at Andrew Jackson. There was the clearest evidence that Lawrence was crazy, but General Jackson's prejudices were so violent that he insisted that his political opponents were more or less responsible for the attempt, and intimidated especially that George Poindexter, one of the very ablest and best men that Mississippi has produced, was concerned in the attempt. The general, however, seems to have been entirely anone in his suppositions; absolutely no one else apparently caring to risk his reputation for good will sufficiently to express his concurrence in the president's surmises. Jackson was different from Garfield. The latter has no prejudices against anybody and suspects no one.—Sept. 9, 1881.

Carried Lincoln from Ford's Theater. Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 18.—Mr. John H. McCormick, one of the oldest employes in the bindery of the Government Printing Office, died suddenly Tuesday night at his residence. Mr. McCormick had been in the printing office for over twenty-five years. One of the incidents of Mr. McCormick's early life, to which he frequently referred, was that he was one of the men who carried President Lincoln from Ford's old theater on the night of the assassination to the house opposite where the martyred President breathed his last.

1892







# LINCOLN'S LAST DAYS.

HIS DEPRESSION IN THE MIDST OF VICTORY  
SEEMED A PRESAGE OF HIS FATE.

INCIDENTS OF HIS VISIT TO GRANT'S ARMY AT  
THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND—ONLY THE  
FEELING THAT THE PEOPLE WISHED  
TO SEE HIM LED HIM TO THE  
THEATRE WHERE HE WAS  
ASSASSINATED.

Washington, April 15 (Special).—"Are we then so soon forgot?" might well be asked, when the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's death is passed with scarce a sign or outward observance of the darkest hour in the Nation's history. All over the land, for one reason or another, men are held in anniversary remembrance. Flags are placed at half-mast on the death of an official who simply fulfilled the duties of his office. But at the National Capital no pause is made, no flag hung low, in memory of the man who was greatest of all Presidents in love of friends and forgiveness of enemies. Meetings and speeches of the colored people alone commemorated the day. It is the emancipated slave who still reveres, and thus keeps green, the memory of the man who gave him freedom.



THE PRESIDENT AND "TAD."

Twenty-eight years ago to-day Abraham Lincoln was slain by the hand of an assassin. Five days before, on Sunday, April 9, the war ended with the surrender of the armies of Northern Virginia. That Sunday evening the President returned to Washington from City Point, where he had gone two weeks before. Ostensibly his trip was one of recreation and rest from the cares and anxieties with which he was overwhelmed, and which, with the terrible strain of the four years, had worn out even his rugged strength. Apparently it was a sudden impulse on the part of the President. No preparations were made beforehand, and nothing was known at the White House of the intended trip until a few hours before he started.

About noon on March 23 the President sent for one of the four men detailed as his personal guard to come to his office. When the man answered the summons he found the President seated at his desk in the centre of the room.

"Crook, I am going to City Point to-night. I want you to go with me. Make your preparations at once, and meet me at the boat."

This was the brief announcement, but the words were followed by a deep sigh, and the man observed that the President's sad face had more than its usual weary, troubled expression.

At 5 o'clock the River Queen, commanded by Captain Bradford, left the Seventh-st. wharf

for City Point, with the President, Mrs. Lincoln and maid, Tad Lincoln, Crook and a man servant on board. During the journey down the river the President's depressed, abstracted manner was very marked, and afterward frequently recalled by Crook, long since the only survivor of the little party. The President seemed weighed down by a burden heavier than the gloom of war and his daily responsibilities. Now and then, by a great effort, he would shake off the depression with some bit of quaint humor in a characteristic anecdote, or more readily enter into Tad's boyish amusements. Tad Lincoln was at that time about twelve years of age. He was a handsome boy, impulsive and winning. His devotion to his father was outspoken, and it was returned two-fold by the President, who never denied the boy a single wish. At the White House there was



"TAD" IN HIS UNIFORM.

no restraint or concealment of the mutual affection. Tad would often bound into his father's arms, and the President would caress and carry him about like a baby. Not infrequently the President was made the victim of Tad's boyish pranks, but he enjoyed the fun all the more when the "joke" was on himself. The President's life was so full of the anxieties and sorrows of the hour that the boy's sweetness and cheery ways were like sunshine through the clouds. Harassed and distressed by daily cares, he found rest and pleasure in Tad's youthful spirits and society. The President once said: "When all the world seems hard, I still have Tad." An impediment in the boy's speech gave special tenderness to the President's love for him. Tad had things pretty much his own way in the private part of the White House. His little bed was in the President's chamber, and there he slept, within reach of his father's hand. Just across the hall a large room had been given up for his exclusive use. This was his playroom, or "theatre," as he liked to call it. The attendants about the White House were the boy's loyal subjects. If he was autocratic and exacting, he was irresistibly sweet and generous, also, and the men enjoyed his youthful tyranny. They put up the "scenery" for his "theatre," and he often persuaded some of the soldiers stationed in the grounds, when off duty, to come in and play "show" with him. He was proud of his







own uniform, and cared but little for his "civil clothes." Though a general favorite with strangers and so greatly indulged by his parents, the boy was singularly unspoiled. Young as he was, he possessed three traits which made him companionable to his elders.

In one respect alone Tad resembled his father. When his face was in repose his large, dreamy gray eyes showed the same sad expression always seen in the President's eyes. He was named Thomas, for his grandfather Lincoln, but his father was responsible for the pet name of Tad, which clung to him through all his short life. When the boy was a baby Mr. Lincoln said his large head and small body looked like a "tadpole," and jestingly called him "little tadpole"; this led to "little Tad," and finally he was called "Tad" by

the rest of the family, and as he grew older known to everybody as Tad Lincoln.

Whenever it was possible for Tad Lincoln to be anywhere with his father he was never denied pleasure. On this trip down the river he was life and brightness of the party. He at once made friends with the sailors, and was all the freedom of the boat, just as he had his everywhere. There was no part of the steamer that he did not explore, whether it was at the heels of the engineer or "playing pilot" in the pilot-house. Tad looked forward with childlike delight to going to the front, where there was "real war," of which he had heard so much. This trip was a red letter day in the boy's life, and one of the few happy days he was destined to enjoy with his idolized father.

While at City Point the President and party lived on the boat. The President and General Grant were in frequent consultation, often making morning walks on the deck of the River Queen. Mr. Lincoln's tall angular form seemed taller, and more angular by contrast with the short, compact figure of General Grant, who was invariably smoking his cigar. The memorable council of the President, General Grant, General Sherman and Admiral Porter on board the River Queen, on the 27th of March, followed in quick succession by the advance of the Union forces, the fall of Petersburg, the evacuation of Richmond, the retreat and surrender of General Lee, are all matters of history too well known to be repeated here. The review of the troops by the President on the day after his arrival is not without personal interest as an incident. The review was about three miles from City Point, on the road to Petersburg, where the rebel lines were, a few days later, surrounded by the Union Army. The President rode out with General Grant and staff to the headquarters of General Meade. He was mounted on the black horse, "Jeff Davis," captured at Appomattox, and said to have been Mrs. Lincoln's.

Mr. Lincoln's tall form rose high above the rest of the party. His feet almost touched the ground, and his whole appearance was ludicrous, and amusing to the soldiers. Tad was mounted and in the company of Crook. The lad rode with fearless courage, and was full of childish excitement at the prospect of seeing so many soldiers. The review proved to be more than the mere display of marching men. The skirmishing along the lines and bursting of shells dangerously near caused a feeling of anxiety for the President's safety, and before it was over, General Grant gave the signal to leave the

grounds. But through it all, no soldier in the ranks was cooler and braver under fire than Lincoln.

A little excursion up the Appomattox River made the single diversion and social feature of the President's stay at City Point. It was Sunday afternoon, one week before the surrender. The company included the President, General Grant and staff, Admiral Porter, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Grant, Fred Grant, then a lad of sixteen, Tad Lincoln and Crook. The party went up on a small headquarter boat, landed at Point of View, and went over to the "Crow's Nest." The



W. H. CROOK.

attraction was a magnificent English oak whose story was told the visitors by a group of natives. Pocahontas had saved the life of Captain J. Smith under this tree. The legend, therefore, saved the tree, while all its companions had fallen by the woodman's axe. When the black people were told that the tall man was really "M. Linkum," they gazed at the President with eyed wonder and reverent curiosity. The day was full of sunshine, and here the desolation and horrors of war could not spread their pall. Nature's gladness, bursting forth in the first of the early spring. The banks of the Appomattox were a shimmer of green and gorn color of wild flowers, and the branches of dogwood threw the fragrance of its white blossoms over the passing boat. It was almost a pleasurable trip, and the one peaceful day of the President's visit holding the nearest approach to the peace of the war.

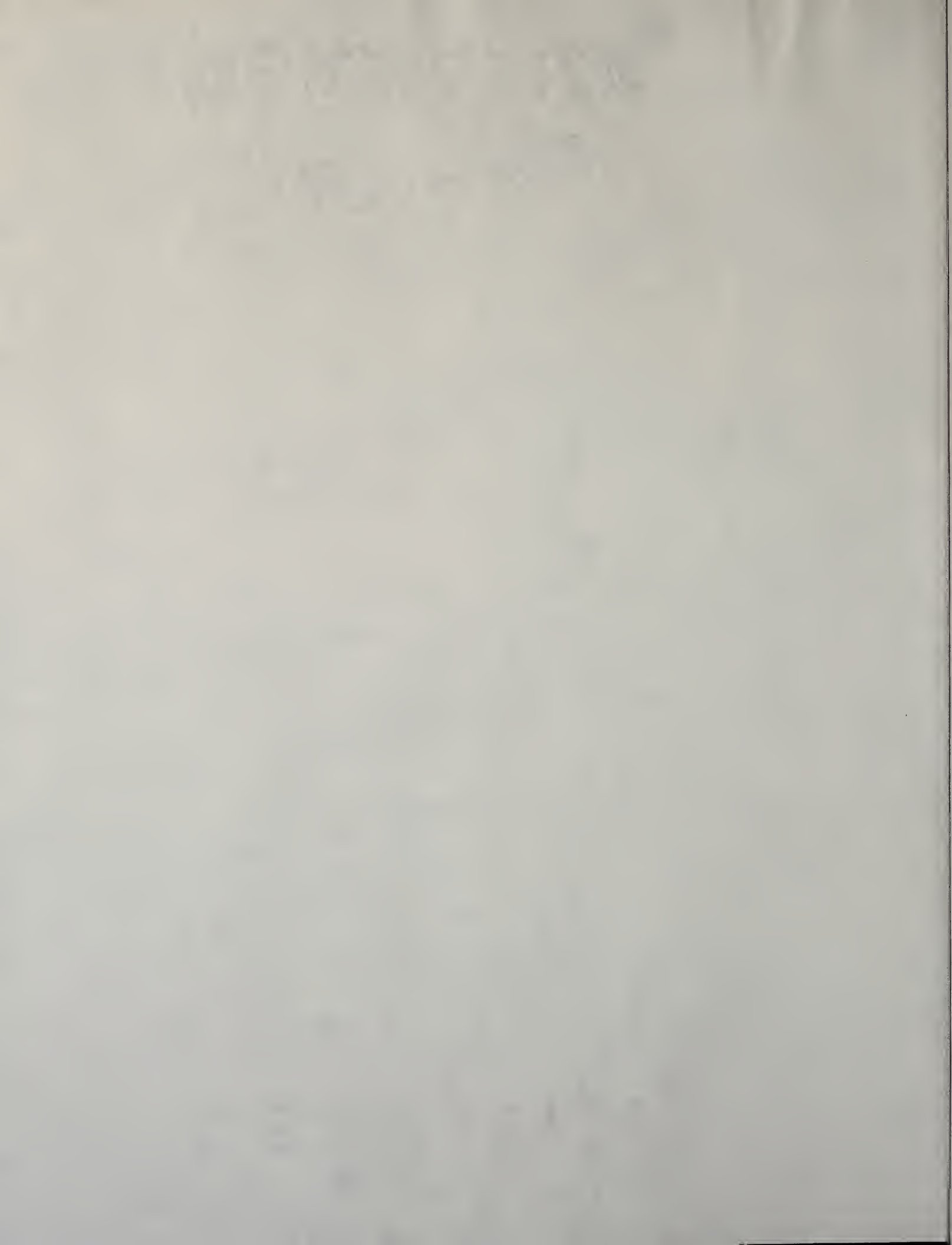
The next morning a rough-looking man in the soldier's dress suddenly appeared on board the River Queen, and, going to Captain Bradford, asked to see the President. His clothes were dusty and travel worn, and his whole appearance indicated that he had made a long journey on foot. He showed signs of great fatigue and pressed excitement. When told that he must do his business with the President, he became nervous and impatient. He said he was from Illinois and had come a long way just to see Mr. Lincoln. "The President knew my father out there, and did him a service once," he added, giving a name which he declared was well known to Mr. Lincoln.

Captain Bradford was not prepossessed in the man's favor, but he referred him to Crook, and carried his message to the President.

"I don't know such a man, and never saw him. No, Crook, I can't see him," was Lincoln's reply. When this answer was taken the would-be visitor he grew more nervous, excited. He insisted, and begged Crook to again, and to urge the President to see him, repeating very earnestly that it was a matter of great importance. When Crook went to the President a second time the latter seemed undisturbed, and firmly refused to see the man. The refusal was again carried back, and now the low disappointment showed itself in desperate reckless anger, as he said, fiercely: "If I ever see him he'd know me d—d quick!" With these words he turned and instantly left the boat.

Recovering from the surprise caused by this unexpected turn, Captain Bradford and Crook once made search for the stranger, who was not to be found. No one had seen him go on or off the boat, and, though the search was continued and thorough, there was no trace of him anywhere in the vicinity. Whatever the President thought of this strange visitor, he did not refer to him in his mysterious disappearance. Added precautions for the President's safety were taken by

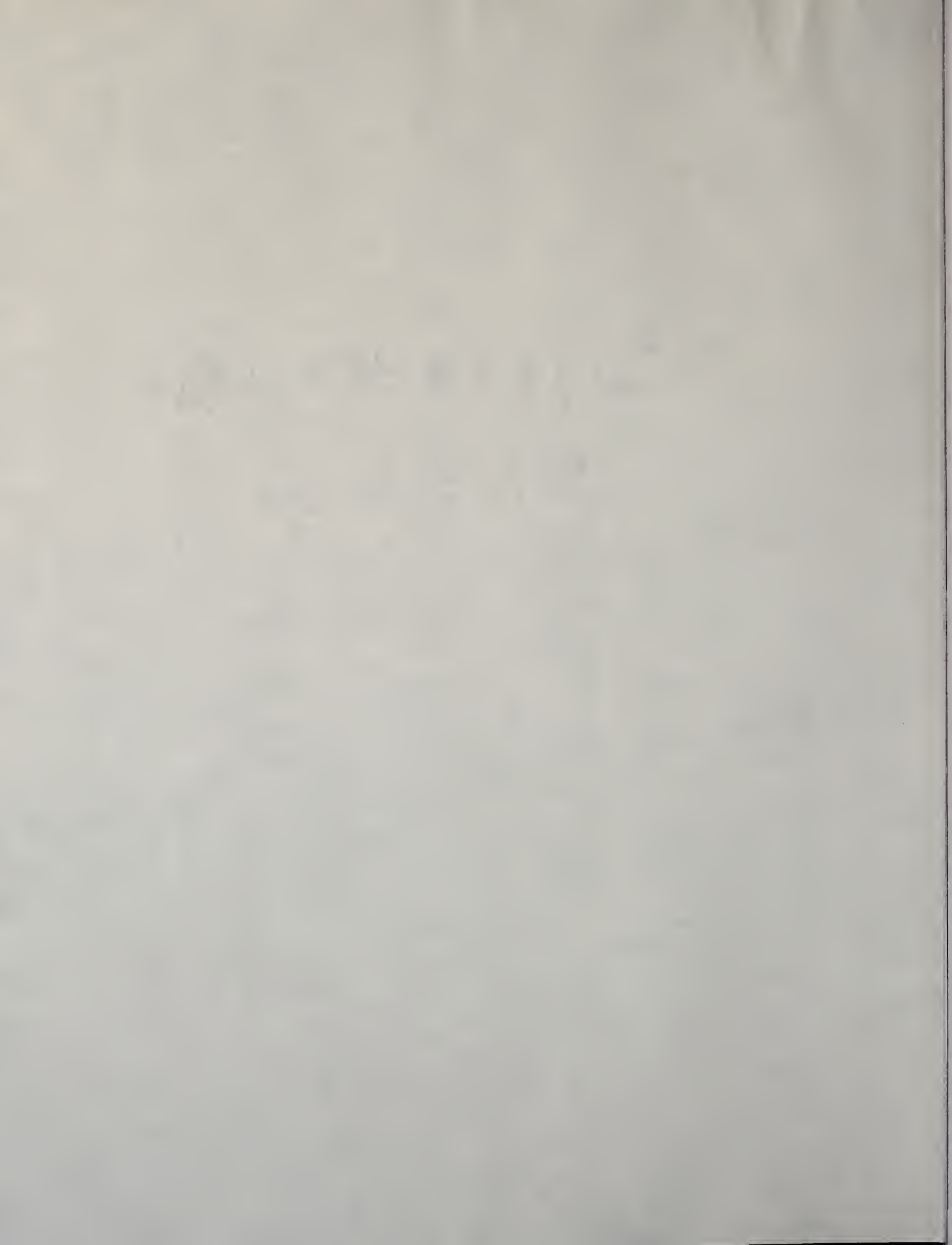














celebration, then in a facetious tone said: "I see you have a band of music with you. I have always thought that 'Dixie' was one of the best tunes I ever heard. Our adversaries over the way I know have attempted to appropriate it, but I insist that yesterday we fairly captured it. I referred the question to the Attorney-General, and he gave it as his legal opinion that it is now our property. I ask the band to favor us with 'Dixie' this morning."

The band at once struck up "Dixie" amid the laughter and cheers of the people. On Friday morning Robert Lincoln arrived from City Point and went directly home to the Executive Mansion, where he took breakfast with his father. The President wished his son to adopt the profession of law, and that morning talked with him on plans for his future. The young man then decided shortly to resign his commission and begin the study of law. Robert Lincoln had gone as a captain on General Grant's staff immediately after

graduating from Harvard, and it was just before starting for the front that he met for the first time Miss Mary Harlan, who was spending her school vacation with her parents at the National Hotel in Washington. Whether it was a case of love at first sight with the young officer and the lovely daughter of Senator Harlan or not, it is certain that Mrs. Lincoln soon discovered her son's preference, and was so much pleased that she not only encouraged the course of true love to run smoothly, but set her heart on making Miss Harlan her son's wife. And in all the changes of after years Mrs. Lincoln never changed toward her daughter-in-law, for whom she held, as long as she lived, a constant and sincere affection. During the conversation with his son that Good Friday morning the President talked of the war and the events of the surrender, as related by Captain Lincoln. A photograph of General Lee happened to lie on a table near, and the President seeing this took it up and studying the face for a moment, said earnestly:

"Yes, that is a fine face. There can be no mistake in that face. It indicates the character of the man."

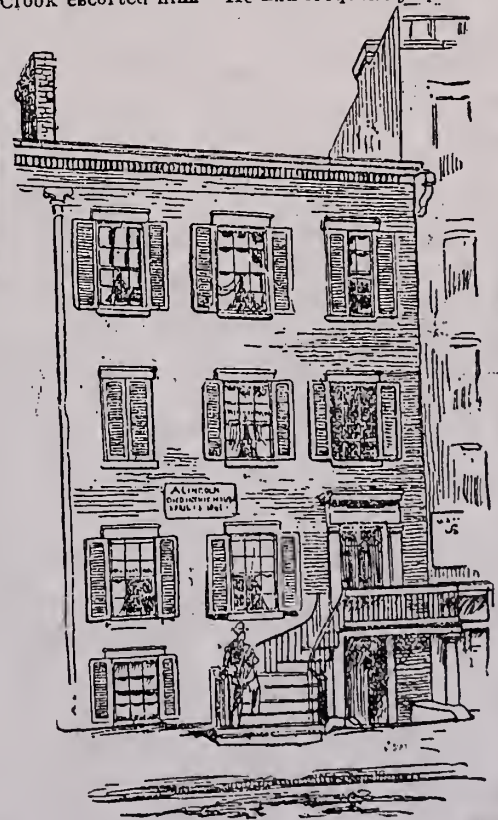
This was the last conversation Robert Lincoln had with his father. All that day the President was occupied with crowds of visitors till the hour of the Cabinet meeting, and they did not meet again till in the evening at dinner. At this Cabinet meeting, the last held by Mr. Lincoln, all the members were present except Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, who had a few days before been thrown from his carriage and severely injured. General Grant was present, sitting in Mr. Seward's chair, and the others around the table were Secretary of War Stanton, Secretary of the Navy Welles, Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch, Attorney-General Speed, Secretary of the Interior Otto, and Postmaster-General Randall. In discussing the surrender, the President referred most kindly to General Lee, whose example, he believed, would have a good influence throughout the South. General Grant also expressed this opinion, and said he felt sure that the surrender of all armed forces in the Southern States would speedily follow. The President was in the best of spirits, and talked in a bright, hopeful tone of plans for reconstructing the rebellious States. He proposed no harsh measures and no retaliatory steps as punishment for the South, where impoverished, desolated homes and exhausted industries were already a terrible retribution. His nature was so singularly free from all vindictiveness, and so magnanimous in its charity, that he now thought only of restoring to the country a

united people and an undivided Government. The terms of surrender proposed by General Grant had been known to the President beforehand, but at this Cabinet meeting they were cordially approved by the President's advisers without a single dissenting voice, the "Iron Secretary," as Mr. Stanton was often called, readily endorsing General Grant's wise action in making the terms both liberal and just.

The President was not inclined to go to the theatre that evening, but went to please Mrs. Lincoln, who had invited a party, including General Grant, and had engaged a box. Mrs. Grant was in the city with the General, and, feeling very anxious to see their children in New-Jersey, they went away on the evening train instead of waiting till morning as at first intended. When the family met at dinner the President expressed much regret, and said the people would be greatly disappointed not to see General Grant. Mrs. Lincoln remarking, "They will be doubly disappointed then, if you do not go," the President smiled and answered: "Well, perhaps I'd better go. But I am not so much of a stranger to the people here as General Grant, and not so much of a hero either."

He then asked his son to accompany them, but Captain Lincoln, feeling fatigued, declined, and retired early to his room.

Before starting for the theatre the President, as had been his custom every day after dinner, walked over to the War Department, where he often remained with Secretary Stanton till a late hour. His escort at such times was a single attendant, one of his guard, and on this evening Crook escorted him. He had frequently spoken of



THE HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

the possibility of being killed, always calmly, as if that was something he expected, but never exhibiting fear or a desire to protect himself. The shadow was over him from the time he became President, in the conviction that he would at some time before leaving the White House be assassinated. When walking back that evening Mr. Lincoln referred to this, remarking: "But I have confidence in those around me to believe the assassin would not escape with his life."

Mr. Colfax was in the Red Room waiting to see the President, and he remained until Mrs. Lincoln joined them, ready for the theatre. Mr. Colfax went out at the same time, and in crossing the vestibule the President again referred to General Grant, and said he was sorry to have the people disappointed by the General's absence from the theatre. Mr. Colfax had the President







and Mrs. Lincoln good-night on the portico, and Pendel closed the door of the carriage, which bore them away to the theatre. Two hours later the sound of the doorbell rung through the White House, and Pendel opened the door, and the sergeant of the guard stood before him, pale and excited, as he exclaimed: "The President has been shot at the theatre!" The man fell back a step as if struck, and then, slowly shutting the door, went upstairs, where he found Colonel Hay, the President's secretary, to whom he told what the soldier had said. Colonel Hay at once directed the attendants to keep the house closed and to admit no one. Immediately after he went into Robert Lincoln's room, broke the terrible news, and in a few moments they started together for the theatre. Tad, crying and sobbing, was carried to his room by Pendel, who held him in his arms till late in the night, trying to comfort him, but with no faith in his own words, repeated like a lesson, till the boy had sobbed himself to sleep. At daybreak he was taken to the house where the President lay dying, and where he saw his mother and brother at the bedside, stunned with grief. But his tears seemed to have all flowed in his first burst of sorrow the night before, and now white, unnaturally calm and with dry eyes he gazed on his father's face.

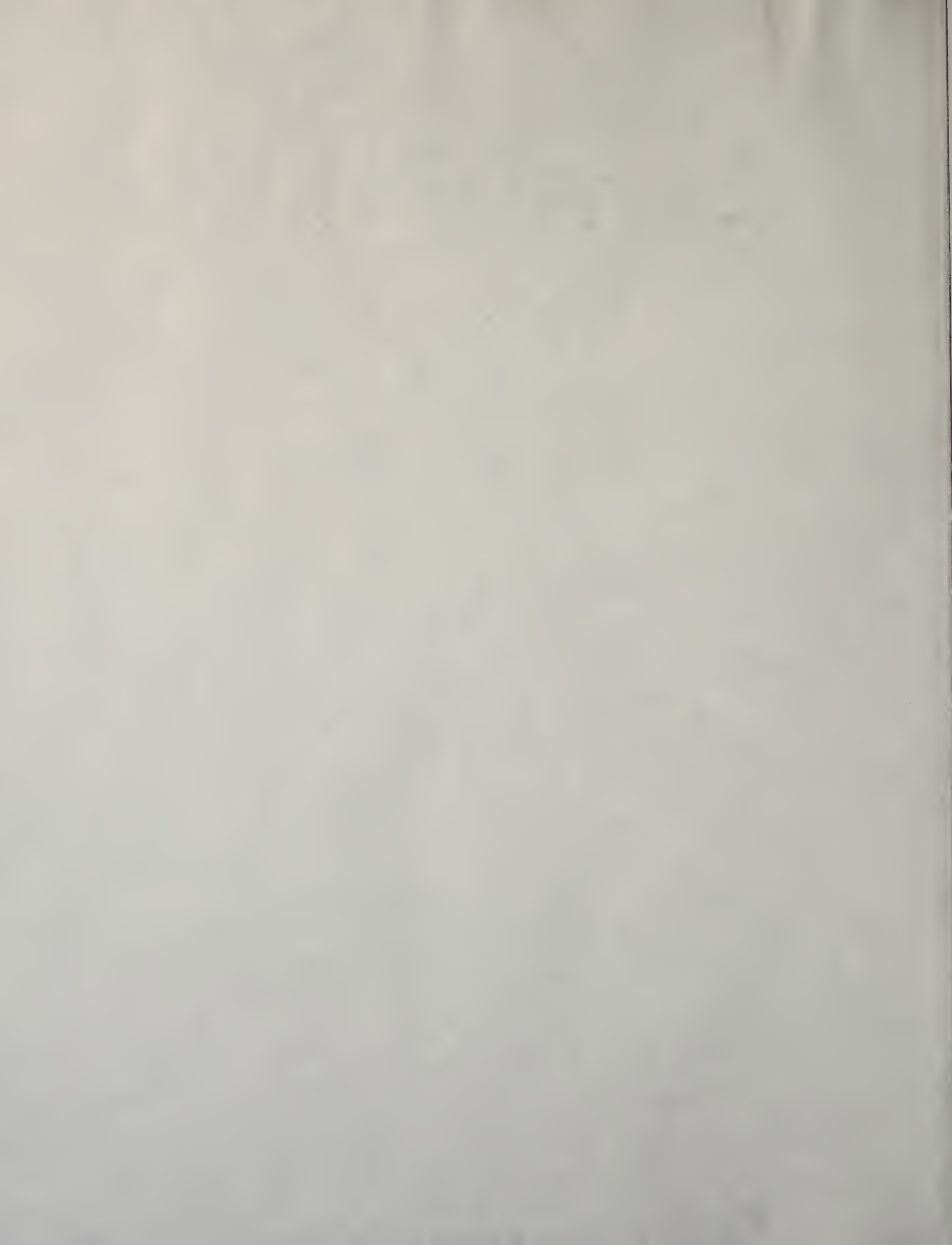
A year after the death of the President Mrs. Lincoln and Tad went abroad, remaining three years, where he was at school in Germany. When they returned he was a handsome boy of sixteen, unchanged in his sweet, affectionate disposition, and retaining those traits which had made him so attractive when a little boy. But the old buoyancy of spirits was gone, and the bright, impulsive happy-heartedness which had been the daily sunshine about the President was now but an occasional gleam. Those who watched this growing sadness in Tad's character felt that the light of his young life went out when his father died. The next two years were spent with his mother in Illinois, the greater part of the time in Chicago, where they boarded at the Clifton House. Here he contracted a severe cold, which resulted in pneumonia, and, after a brief illness of six weeks, Tad Lincoln died at the age of eighteen. He sleeps by the side of his father and brother Willie in the cemetery at Springfield, and where, not long after, his mother was laid to rest.

Of the four men detailed to guard the President, Crook and Pendel have remained in continuous service at the White House. They date their appointments from November, 1864. Pendel is a plain man, but not without the sentiment of holding some little mementos of the President as his most precious treasures. Among them is a locket with a little ring of the President's hair, and his appointment, with the President's name. He speaks of the night when the President was shot as "that awful night," like some "horrible dream." Crook treasures the inkstand and chair used by the President, and notes of his diary, kept on his visit in care of the President at City Point.

The house on Tenth-st. where the President was carried that night from the theatre across the street is marked by a small marble tablet with the words:

:	:	:	:
:	:	PRESIDENT A. LINCOLN	:
:	:	Died in this house	:
:	:	April 15, 1865.	:
:	:	:	:







# LAST DAY

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST, IF NOT THE HAPPIEST, OF HIS LIFE—HIS CHEERFULNESS AT BREAKFAST AND HIS LAST CABINET MEETING, WHEN HE TOLD OF THE PECULIAR DREAM HE ALWAYS HAD WHEN AN IMPORTANT WAR EVENT WAS IMPENDING—LATE TO DINNER BECAUSE HE HAD BECOME DEEPLY INTERESTED IN READING A HUMOROUS BOOK—OUTLINES HIS PLAN FOR REUNITING THE COUNTRY AND COUNSELS PACIFIC TREATMENT FOR ALL LATE ENEMIES OF THE UNION.

By Ida M. Tarbell.



THE war is over." Throughout the breadth of the north this was the jubilant cry which people greeted one another on the morning of April 11, 1865. For ten days reports of victories had been coming to them: Petersburg evacuated, Richmond fallen, Jefferson Davis and his cabinet fled, Lee surrendered, Mobile captured. Nothing of the Confederacy, in short, remained but Johnston's army, and it was generally believed that its surrender to Sherman was but a matter of hours. How completely the conflict was at an end, however, the people of the north had not realized until they read in their newspapers, on that Good Friday morning, an order of the Secretary of War suspending the draft, stopping the purchase of military supplies and removing military restrictions from trade. The war was over indeed.

Such a day of rejoicing as followed the world has rarely seen.

One man before all others in the nation felt and showed his gladness that day—the President, Abraham Lincoln. For weeks now he had seen the end approaching, and little by little he had been thankfully laying aside the ways of war and returning to those of peace. His soul, tuned by nature to gentleness and good will, had been for four years forced to lead in a pitiless war. Now his duties were to "bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan"; to devise plans by which the members of the restored Union could live together in harmony, to plan for the future of the four million human beings to whom he had given freedom. All those who were with him at this time remarked the change in his feelings and his ways. He seemed to be aroused to a new sense of the beauty of peace and rest. For the first time since he entered the presidency he took a holiday. He loved to linger in quiet spots, and he read over and over with infinite satisfaction lines of poetry which expressed repose. The "quillity in death seemed especially to appeal to him. Mrs. Lincoln related to a friend, Isaac Arnold, that while visiting Grant's headquarters at

city Point in April she was driving one day with her husband along the banks of the James, when they passed a country graveyard. "It was a retired place, shaded with trees, and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave. It was so quiet and attractive that they stopped the carriage and walked through it. Mr. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and impressed. He said: 'Mary, you are stronger than I. You will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this.'"

There was a marked change in his appearance. All through 1863 and 1864 his thin face had day by day grown more haggard, its lines had deepened, its pallor had become a more ghastly gray. His eye, always sad when he was in thought, had a look of unutterable grief. Through all these months Lincoln was, in fact, consumed by sorrow. "I think I shall never be glad again," he said once to a friend. But as one by one the weights lifted, a change came over him; his form straightened, his face cleared, the lines became less accentuated. "His whole appearance, poise and bearing had marvelously changed," says Mr. James Harlan. "He was, in fact, transfigured. That indescribable sadness which had previously seemed to be an adamant element of his very being had been suddenly changed for an equally indescribable expression of serene joy, as if conscious that the great purpose of his life had been achieved."

Never since he had become convinced that the end of the war was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on the 14th of April.

At the White House the family party which met at breakfast was unusually happy. Capt. Robert Lincoln, the President's eldest son, then aid-de-camp on Grant's staff, had arrived that morning and the closing scenes of Grant's campaign were discussed with the deepest interest by father and son. Soon after breakfast the President received Schuyler

Culfax, who was about to leave for the west, and later in the morning the cabinet met, Friday being its regular day. Gen. Grant was invited to remain to its session. There was the greatest interest at the moment in Gen. Sherman's movements, and Grant was plying with questions the cabinet. The President was least anxious of all. The news would soon come, he said, and it would be favorable. He had no doubt of this, for the night before he had a dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war.

"He said it was in my department, it related to the water," Secretary Welles afterward wrote. "That he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was

moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter; the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc. Victory did not always follow his dream, but the omen and results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place, or was about being fought, and Johnson will be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur."

The greater part of the meeting was taken up with a discussion of the policy of reconstruction. How were they to treat the states and the men who had tried to leave the Union, but who now were forced back into their old relations? How could practical civil government be re-established? How could trade be restored between north and south? What should be done with those who had led the states to revolt? The President urged his cabinet to consider carefully all these questions, and he warned them emphatically. Mr. Welles says, that he did not sympathize with and would not participate in any feeling of hate and vindictiveness. "He hoped there would be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war was over. None need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, let down the bars, scare them off, said he, throwing up his hands as if searing sheep. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentment if we expect harmony and union. There was too much desire on the part of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to those states, to treat the people not as fellow-citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He didn't sympathize in these feelings."

The impression he made on all the cabinet that day was expressed twenty-four hours later by Secretary Stanton: "He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

In the afternoon the President went for his usual drive. Only Mrs. Lincoln was with him. Years afterward Mrs. Lincoln related to Isaac Arnold what she remembered of Mr. Lincoln's words that day: "Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office at Springfield, Chicago and practice law, and I will have enough to help give us a living."

It was late in the afternoon when he returned from his drive, and as he left his carriage he saw going across the lawn toward the Treasury a group of friends, among them Richard Oglesby, then Governor of Illinois. "Come back, boys, come back," he shouted. The party turned and joined the President on the portico and went up to his office with him.

"How long we remained there I do not remember," says Gov. Oglesby. "Lincoln got to reading some humorous book; I think it was by 'John Phoenix.' They kept sending for him to come to dinner. He promised each time to go, but would continue reading the book. Finally he got a sort of peremptory order that he must come to dinner at once. It was explained to me by the old man,







at the door that they were going to have dinner and then go to the theater."

A theater party had been made up by Mrs. Lincoln for that evening—Gen. and Mrs. Grant being her guests—to see Laura Keane at Ford's Theater in "Our American Cousin." Miss Keane was ending her season in Washington that night with a benefit. The box had been ordered in the morning, and unusual preparations had been made to receive the presidential party. The partition between the two upper proscenium boxes at the left of the stage had been removed, comfortable upholstered chairs had been put in, and the front of the box had been draped with flags. The manager, of course, took care to announce in the afternoon papers that the "President and his lady" and the "Hero of Appomattox" would attend Miss Keane's benefit that evening.

By 8 o'clock the house was filled with the half-late, half-early crowd of a holiday night. Many had come simply to see Gen. Grant, whose face was then unfamiliar in Washington. Others, strolling down the street, had dropped in because they had nothing better to do. The play began promptly, the house full of eyes and generous applause, one eye on the President's box.

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The presidential party indeed, it had not left the White House until after 8 o'clock, and then it was made up differently from what Mrs. Lincoln had expected, for in the afternoon she had received word that Gen. and Mrs. Grant had decided to go north that night. It was suggested then that the party be given up, but the fear that the public would be disappointed decided the President to keep the engagement. Two young friends, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris and his stepson, Maj. H. R. Rathbone, had been invited to take the places of Gen. and Mrs. Grant.

Schuyler Colfax and Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts had called early in the evening, and the President had talked with them a little while. He rose finally with evident regret to go to his carriage. The two gentlemen accompanied him to the door, and he paused there long enough to write on a card, "Admit Mr. Ashmun and friend tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock." As he shook hands with them he said to Mr. Colfax: "Colfax, don't forget to tell those people in the mining regions what I told you this morning." Then, entering his carriage, he was driven to the theater on 10th street between E and F.

When the presidential party finally entered the theater, making its way along the gallery behind the seats of the dress circle, the orchestra broke into "Hail to the Chief," and the people, rising in their seats and waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheered and cheered, the actors on the stage standing silent in the meantime. The party passed through the narrow entrance into the box, and the several members laid aside their wraps, and, bowing and smiling to the enthusiastic crowd below, seated themselves. Mr. Lincoln in a large armchair at the left, Mrs. Lincoln next to him, Miss Harris next, and to the ex-

treme right, a little behind Miss Harris, Maj. Rathbone; and then the play went on.

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The party in the box was well entertained, it seemed, especially the President, who laughed good-humoredly at the jokes and chatted cheerfully between the acts. He moved from his seat but once, rising then to put on his overcoat, for the house was chilly. The audience was well entertained, too, though not a few kept an eye on the box entrance, still expecting Gen. Grant. The few whose eyes sought the box now and then noticed in the second scene of the third act that a man was passing behind the seats of the dress circle and approaching the entrance to the box. Those who did not know him noticed that he was strikingly handsome, though very pale; that was all. They did not look again. It was not Gen. Grant.

One man did watch him. He knew him, and wanted to see who in the presidential box it could be that he knew well enough to call on in the middle of an act. He saw his movements. He was a plying person in the theater, having free entrance to every corner. He had been there in the course of the day; he had passed out and in once or twice during the evening.

Crowding behind some loose chairs in the aisle, the man took from his pocket a package of visiting cards, and, selecting one, gave it to the messenger at the door, saying he knew the President. A moment later, he passed out of sight through the door leading into the passage behind the box. He closed the door behind him, and did a curious thing for a visitor to a theater party. He picked up a piece of stout plank which he seemed to know just where to find and slipped one end into a hole gouged into the wall close to the door casing. The plank extended across the door, making a rough but effective bolt. Turning to the door which led from the passage to the box, he may have peered through a tiny hole which had been drilled through the panel. If he did he saw a quiet party intent on the play, the President just then smiling over a bit of homely wit.

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Opening the door so quietly that no one heard him, the man entered the box. Then if any eye in the house could but have looked, if one head in the box had been turned, it would have been seen that the man held in his right hand a Derringer pistol, and that he raised the weapon and aimed it steadily at the head of the smiling President.

No eye saw him, but a second later and every ear heard a pistol shot. Those in the house unfamiliar with the play thought it a part of the performance and waited expectant. Those familiar with "Our American Cousin," the orchestra, attendants, actors, searched in amazement to see from where the sound came. Only three persons in all the house knew just where it was—three of the four in the box knew it was there by their side—a tragedy. The fourth saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing. His head had fallen quietly

on his breast, his arms had relaxed a little, the smile was still on his lips.

Physicians lifted the silent figure, still sitting calmly in the chair, stretched it on the floor and began to tear away the clothing to find the wound, while they supposed was in the breast. It was a moment before it was discovered that the ball had entered the head back of the left ear and was imbedded in the brain.

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There seemed to be but one desire then; that was to get the wounded man from the scene of the murder. Two persons lifted him, and the stricken party passed the box, through the dress circle, down the stairs into the street, the blood dripping from the wound faster and faster as they went. No one seemed to know where they were going, for as they reached the street there was a helpless pause and an appeal to the bearers, "Where shall we take him?"

Across the street, on the high front steps of a plain three-story brick house, stood a man who but a moment before had left the theater, rather bored by the play. He had seen, as he stood there idly wondering if he should go in to bed or not, a violent commotion in the vestibule of the theater; had seen people rushing out, the street filling up, policemen and soldiers appearing. He did not know what it all meant. Then two men bearing a body came from the theater behind them a woman in evening gown, flowers in her hair, jewels on her neck. She was wringing her hands and moaning. The man on the steps heard some one say, "The President is shot;" heard the bearers of the body asking, "Where shall we take him?" and quickly coming forward he said, "Bring him here into my room."

And so the President was carried up the high steps, through a narrow hall, and laid, still unconscious, still motionless, on the bed of a poor, little, commonplace room of a commonplace lodging house, where surgeons and physicians gathered about in a desperate attempt to rescue him from death.

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While the surgeons worked the news was spreading to the town. Every man and woman in the theater rushed forth to tell it. Some one ran wildly down the streets, exclaiming to those they met, "The President is killed! The President is killed!" One rushed into a ballroom, and told it to the dancers; another bursting into a room where a party of eminent public men were playing cards, cried, "Lincoln is shot!"

In the meantime there had gathered in the house on 10th street, where the President lay, his family physician and intimate friends, as well as many prominent officials. Before they reached him it was known there was no hope; that the wound was fatal. They grouped themselves about the bedside or in the adjoining rooms, trying to comfort the weeping wife or listening awe-struck to the steady moaning and labored breathing of the unconscious man, which at times could be heard all over the house. Stan-







(From the Tarbell History.)

The Last Bit of Writing Done by  
Abraham Lincoln.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Allow Mr. Ashmun and \*  
\* and friends to come in at 9 \*  
\* tomorrow. \*  
\* A. LINCOLN. \*  
\* April 14, 1865. \*  
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1512

Ever since he had become convinced that the end of the war was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on the 14th of April. The morning was soft and sunny in Washington, a day of promise and joy to which the whole town responded. Indeed, ever since the news of the fall of Richmond had reached Washington the town had been indulging in an almost unbroken celebration. On the night of the 13th, there had been a splendid illumination, and on the 14th, the rejoicing went on. The suspension of the draft and the presence of Grant in town—come this time not to plan new campaigns, but to talk of peace and reconstruction—seemed to furnish special reason for celebrating. At the White House the family party which met at breakfast was unusually happy. Captain Robert Lincoln, the president's oldest son, then an aide de camp on Grant's staff, had arrived that morning, and the closing scenes of Grant's campaign were discussed with the deepest interest by father and son. Later in the morning the cabinet met, and General Grant was invited to remain to its session. There was the greatest interest at the moment in General Sherman's movements, and Grant was pld with questions by the cabinet.

The greater part of the meeting was taken up with a discussion of the policy of reconstruction. How were they to treat the states and the men who had tried to leave the Union, but who now were forced back into their old relations? The president urged his cabinet to consider carefully all these questions, and he warned them emphatically that he did not sympathize with and would not participate in any feelings of hate and vindictiveness. He said he hoped there would be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war was over. None need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentment if we expect harmony and union. There was too much desire on the part of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to those states, to treat the people not as fellow citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He didn't sympathize in these feelings.

The impression he made on all the cabinet that day was expressed twenty-four hours later by Secretary Stanton: "He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition, and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

In the afternoon the president went for his usual drive. Only Mrs. Lincoln was with him. Years after Mrs. Lincoln related she remembered of Mr.

Lincoln's words that day: "Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois, and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office at Chicago or Springfield and practice law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

A theater party had been made up by Mrs. Lincoln for that evening to see Laura Keane, at Ford's theater, in "Our American Cousin." Unusual preparations had been made to receive the presidential party. The box had been draped with flags, and comfortable chairs had been put in. The manager took care to announce that the "President and his lady" and the "Hero of Appomattox" would attend that evening.

By eight o'clock the house was filled with the half-idle, half-curious crowd of a holiday night. Many had come simply to see General Grant, whose face was then unfamiliar in Washington. The presidential party was late. Indeed it had not left the White House until after eight o'clock, and then it was made up differently from what Mrs. Lincoln had expected, for in the afternoon she had received word that General and Mrs. Grant had decided to go north that night. It was suggested then that the party be given up but the fear that the public would be disappointed decided the president to keep the engagement. Two young friends, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris and his stepson, Major H. R. Rathbone, had been invited to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant.

Schuyler Colfax and Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, had called early in the evening, and the president had talked with them a little while. He rose finally with evident regret to go to his carriage. The two gentlemen accompanied him to the door, and he paused there long enough to write on a card, "Allow Mr. Ashmun and friends to come in at nine a. m. tomorrow."

When the presidential party finally entered the theater, the orchestra broke into "Hail to the Chief," and the people, rising in their seats and

waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheered and cheered, the actors on the stage standing silent in the meantime.

The party in the box was well entertained, especially the president, who laughed good humoredly at the jokes and chatted cheerfully between the acts. The audience was well entertained, but the few whose eyes sought the box now and then noticed, in the second scene of the third act, that a man was passing behind the seats of the dress circle and approaching the entrance to the box. Those who did not know him noticed that he was strikingly handsome though very pale—that was all. They did not look again. It was not General Grant.

One man did watch him. He knew him, and wanted to see who in the presidential box it could be that he knew well enough to call on in the middle of an act. If any attendant saw him, there was no question of his movements. He was a privileged person in the theater, having free entrance to every corner. He had been

there in the course of the day; he had passed out and in once or twice during the evening.

Crowding behind some loose chairs in the aisle, the man passed out of sight through the door leading into the passage behind the president's box. He closed the door behind him, paused for a moment, then did a curious thing for a visitor at a theater party. He picked up a piece of stout plank which he seemed to know just where to find, and slipped one end into a hole gouged into the wall close to the door casing. The plank extended across the door, making a rough but effective bolt. Turning to the door which led from the passage to the boxes, he may have peered through a tiny hole which had been drilled through the panel. If he did, he saw a quiet party intent on the play, the president just then smiling over a bit of homely wit.

Opening the door so quietly that no one heard him, the man entered the box. Then if any eye in the house could but have looked, if one head in the box had been turned, it would have been seen that the man held in his right hand a Derringer pistol, and that he raised the weapon and aimed it steadily at the head of the smiling president.

No eye saw him, but a second later and every ear heard a pistol shot. Those in the house unfamiliar with the play thought it a part of the performance, and waited expectant. Those familiar with "Our American Cousin," the orchestra, actors, etc., searched in amazement to see from where the sound came. Only three persons in all the house knew just where it was—three of the four in the box knew it was there by their side—a tragedy. The fourth saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing. His head had fallen quietly on his breast, his arms had relaxed a little, the smile was still on his lips.

Then from the box, now filled with white smoke, came a woman's sharp cry, and there was a sound of a struggle. Major Rathbone, at the sound of the shot, had sprung to his feet and grappled with the stranger, who now had a dagger in his hand, and who struck viciously with it at the Major's heart. He, warding the blow from his breast, received it in his upper arm, and his hold relaxed. The stranger sprang to the balustrade of the box as if about to leap, but Major Rathbone caught at his garments. They were torn from his grasp, and the man vaulted toward the stage, a light, agile leap, which turned to a plunge as the silken flag in front caught at a spur on his boot. As the man struck the floor his left leg bent and a bone snapped, but instantly he was up; and limping to the middle of the stage, a long strip of the silken banner trailing from his spur, he turned full on the house, which still stared straight ahead, searching for the meaning of the muffled pistol shot. Brandishing his dagger and shouting—so many thought, though there were others whose ears were so frozen with amazement that they heard nothing—"Sic semper tyrants," he turned to fly. Not, however, before more than one person in the house had said to himself, "Why, it is John Wilkes Booth!" Not before others had realized that the shot was that of a murderer, that the woman's cry in the box came from Mrs. Lincoln, that the president in all the turmoil alone sat calm, his head unmoved on his breast. As







These few grasped the awful meaning of the confused scene, it seemed to them that they could not rise nor cry out. They stretched out inarticulate arms, struggling to tear themselves from the nightmare which held them. When strength and voice did return, they plunged over their seats, forgetting their companions, bruising themselves, and clambered to the stage, crying aloud in rage and despair, "Hang him, hang him!" But Booth, though his leg was broken, was too quick. He struck with his dagger at one who caught him, plunged through a familiar back exit, and, leaping upon a horse standing ready for him, fled. When those who pursued reached the street, they only heard the rapidly receding clatter of a horse's hoofs.

But while a few in the house pursued Booth, others had thought only of reaching the box. The stage was now full of actors in their paint and furbelows, musicians with their instruments, men in evening dress, officers in uniform—a motley wild-eyed crowd, which, as Miss Harris appeared at the edge of the box crying out, "Bring water. Has any one stimulants?" demanded, "What is it? What is the matter?"

"The president is shot," was her reply.

A surgeon was helped over the balustrade into the box. The star of the evening strove to calm the distracted throng; then she, too, sought the box. Major Rathbone, who first of all in the house had realized that a foul crime had been attempted, and turned from his unsuccessful attempt to stop the murderer to see that it was the president who had been shot.

The physicians admitted lifted the silent figure, still sitting calmly in the chair, stretched it on the floor, and began to tear away the clothing to find the wound, which they supposed was in the breast.

It was a moment before it was discovered that the ball had entered the head back of the left ear and was imbedded in the brain.

There seemed to be but one desire then: that was to get the wounded man from the scene of the murder. Two persons lifted him, and the stricken party passed from the box, through the dress circle, down the stairs into the street, the blood dripping from the wound faster and faster.

And so the president was carried up the high steps of a nearby building, and laid, still unconscious, still motionless, on the bed of a poor little commonplace room of a commonplace lodging house, where surgeons and physicians and others gathered about in a desperate attempt to rescue him from death.







# LINCOLN'S ! LAST ! ! FEW ! WEEKS

**F**ROM his 56th birthday on February 12 until the night of his assassination the "Great Emancipator" seemed happier than he had been in five years. Was there premonition? ❀



O man, in American history has carried burdens as heavy as those which Abraham Lincoln bore on his great, patient shoulders. Despite his reputation as a teller of humorous stories and his keen appreciation of the ludicrous in persons and situations that bore the outward appearance of utmost dignity and funereal solemnity, the martyred president was a melancholy man. The whole course of his life had made him so.

In childhood he endured the most rigorous hardship in the wilds of southern Indiana and central Illinois. His father was a sort of ne'er-do-well who somehow couldn't seem to gather any of this world's goods together. His mother was a patient, God-fearing toiler who held no hope of reward in mortal life. This mother encouraged his efforts at learning when he was a little fellow, and just when mother and son were getting to be chummy and have their times of reading aloud together she died—after only a week's illness. The son's grief was lasting.

When he was twenty-two, Lincoln fell in love with little Ann Rutledge, who was wearing her heart out in grief for a faithless lover. After a time, Lincoln won little Ann's regard and they planned to marry—though he was desperately poor. Came a streak of good luck; he went to the legislature at Springfield and she went to Jacksonville, Ill., to a young ladies' academy. Presently Lincoln got word that she was ill. One week later she

was dead. This sorrow Lincoln added to his early grief.

Years later, the tall, awkward country lawyer was elected president of the United States—an honor unsurpassable. But with it came the ghastly tragedy of civil strife. And to his sorrow and his grief of old he added this load of sadness. Four years and more Lincoln plodded slowly along under the burden, a national mourner. Then through the clouds came a ray of sunshine. The war was nearing an end. The president saw peace ahead. He planned to bind a nation's wounds—North and South alike. He became happier—rather, he became less unhappy, for his spirit was expanding.

But once again the glittering lance of malignant fate shot out. This time it brought down the victim it had played with for half a century—A. Lincoln!

The following telegram, one of the many instances of his works of mercy and compassion, was sent by Abraham Lincoln from the White House on his last birthday alive. It typifies the spirit of the man in the last days of his life and is exemplary of the attitude he took, not only towards individuals but toward the peoples and the states who were opposed in arms to the Union.

"Major General Hooker, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"Is it Lieut. Samuel D. Davis whose death sentence is commuted. If not done, let it be done. Is there not an associate of his also in trouble? Please answer.  
A. LINCOLN."

The military rigors of the closing days of the war compelled harsh measures, not only in dealing with the enemy but in dealing with those within the forces of the North who were guilty of desertion, neglect or treachery, and the columns of the daily papers of the time were replete with paragraphs headed, as a rule, "Execution of the Conspirators," "The Spies Shot" or "Execution of ——— Deserters."

A perusal of his papers during the weeks preceding and following his birthday, February 12, 1865, show that he was giving especial attention to these matters. In the month of February alone he sent at least ten telegrams suspending or delaying executions or asking for full reports of the trials for his personal examination.

In some cases he upheld the decree of the military courts, in others he issued pardons, and it is said that in at least one case the man who had been convicted was in reality a government secret service agent unknown to the military authorities who had convicted him for the very acts he committed in the service of the Union.

It has been asserted by some biographers of Lincoln that he felt premonitions of his death in the months following his second election and if this be true it is possible that the shadow over his soul may have caused him to be more clement than was his rule. All are agreed that he was al-

ways compassionate and slow to condemn, but he was sensible of the necessity for stern justice and was not given to mock mercy of the weak-kneed, sentimental kind.

The president's birthday itself had no special significance in 1865. It is doubtful if many outside his immediate family realized when the day occurred. It would be a small percentage of Americans today who could state the date of President Wilson's birth and in the last stages of the Civil war the nation was too sorely beset by pressing, vital problems, sorrow and anxiety to recognize the birthday of the man who himself was the vortex of all the maelstrom of political, military and executive activities.

It is known, however, that Lincoln's last birthday season saw the president more cheerful, more hopeful of a peace which should save the Union than he had been at any other time during the war.

He had recently met commissioners of the Confederate government on a steamer at Hampton Roads and although the interview had led to nothing, the president felt that the dissension evident between the commissioners from the South meant a speedy conclusion of the conflict.

Nicolay and Hay, writing of the president's general feeling in February, 1865, says: "His interview with the rebel commissioners doubtless strengthened his former convictions that the rebellion was waning in enthusiasm and resources, and that the Union cause must triumph at no distant day. Secure in his renewal of four years' personal leadership and hopefully inspired by every sign of early victory in the war, his only thought was to shorten by generous conciliation the period of dreadful conflict. His temper was not one of exultation, but of broad, patriotic charity and of deep, sensitive personal sympathy for the whole country and all its people, South as well as North. His conversation with Stephens, Hunter and Campbell had probably revealed to him glimpses of the undercurrent of their anxiety that fraternal bloodshed and the destructive ravages of war might somehow come to an end."

Just before the president's birthday the house of representatives passed a resolution requesting the president to communicate to it such information as he might deem compatible with the public interest concerning his interview with the Confederate commissioners. The president sent to the house a message summarizing the transactions on board the steamer, which actually amounted to nothing at all. This message was received February 10 and a short discussion occurred in the house. According to Nicolay and Hay:

"It (the discussion) did not rise above the level of an ordinary party wrangle. The few Democrats who took part in it complained of the president for refusing an armistice, while the Republicans retorted with Jefferson Davis' conditions about the 'two countries' and the more recent declarations of his Richmond harangue, announcing his readiness to perish for







independence. On the whole, both congress and the country were gratified that the incident had called out Mr. Lincoln's renewed declaration of an unalterable resolve to maintain the Union. Patriotic hope was quickened and public confidence strengthened by noting once more his singleness of purpose and steadfastness of faith. No act of his could have formed a more fitting prelude to his second inauguration, which was now rapidly approaching, and the preliminary steps of which were at this time consummated."

This feeling throughout the country and in congress was becoming evident to the president on his last birthday, so much so that he commented on it to his friends and advisers. It showed him that the nation was behind him, and that he would be supported to the completion of his work of cementing the Union.

Almost in the nature of a birthday gift came the formal announcement to President Lincoln that he had been elected president of the United States.

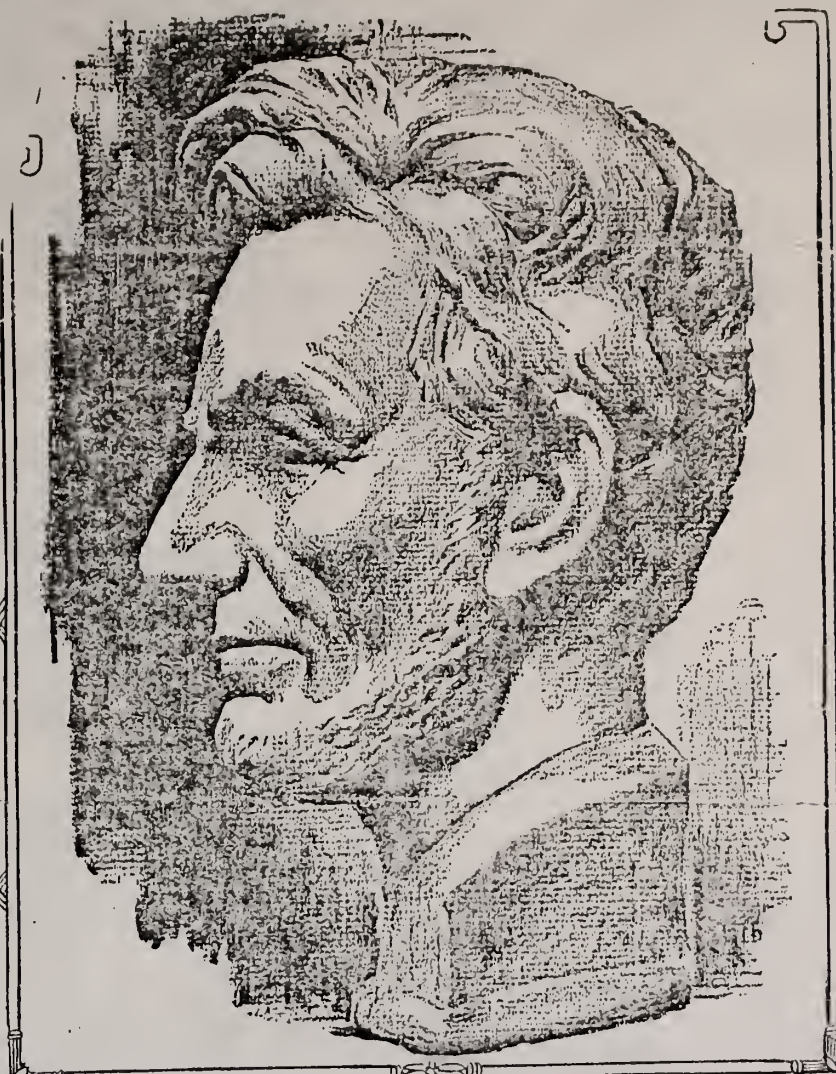
On the very day of Lincoln's birthday the first of the cotton ships Sherman had sent from Savannah put into New York and Newport, R. I. The newspapers of February 13 featured the dispatches announcing the arrival of the vessels and commenting with favor on the prospects of getting great cargoes of cotton from the newly opened ports of the South.

The dailies were also filled with dispatches telling of the progress of Grant's campaign against Lee, which was beginning so to formulate itself that Appomattox should end the war, and that Sherman had completed his march to the sea. None viewed the approach of peace with greater gratification than did Lincoln, and it was with the spirit of this period of his last birthday upon him that he wrote his second inaugural address, which is fraught with human sympathy, so expressive of the character of the man.

The sad story of the great president's death is familiar to all. That it was to follow so closely on his last birthday, so lightened by hope and gratitude for the success of the Union cause, none could foresee, unless, as some writers declare, the president himself had forebodings of it.

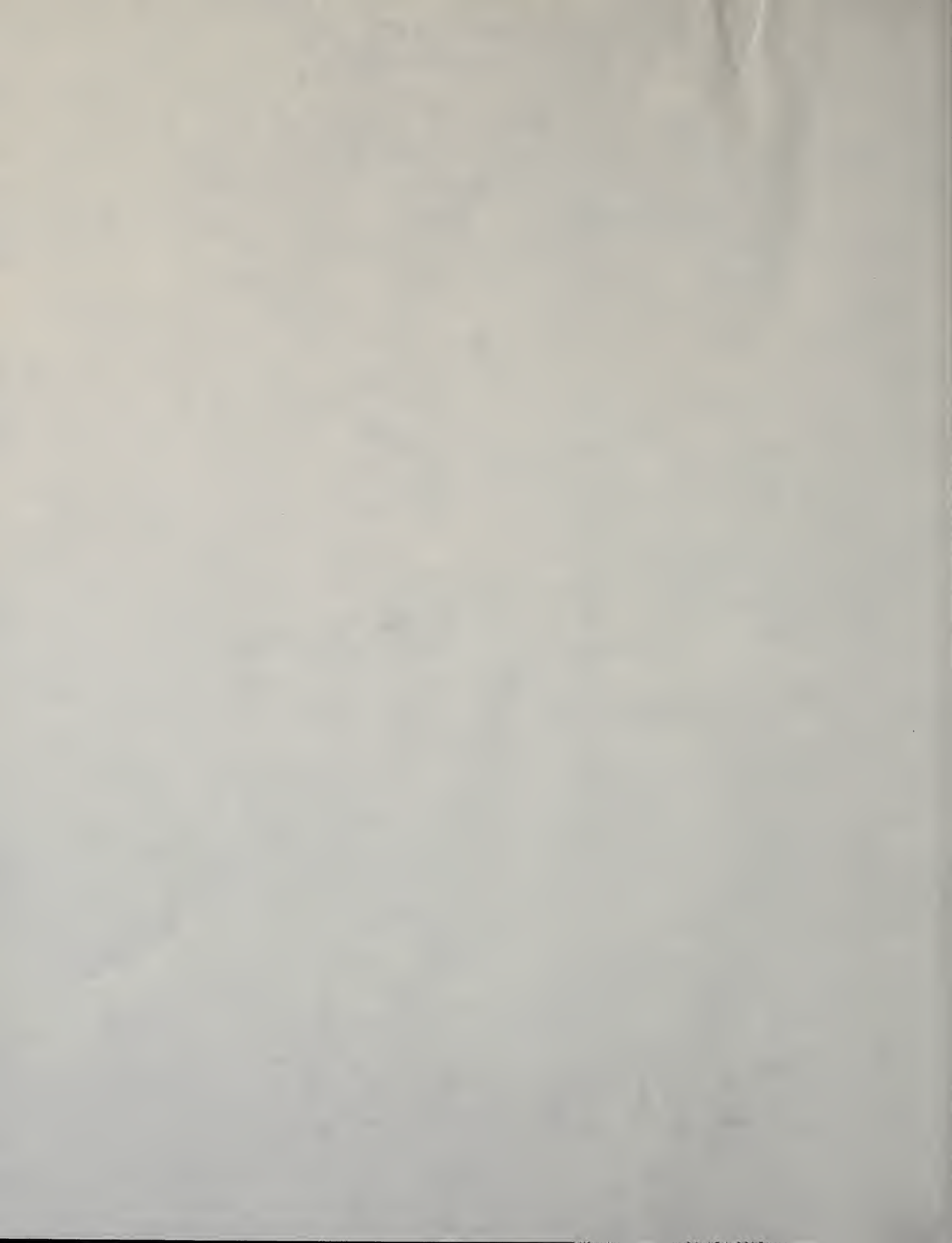
In all events, it is pleasant to contemplate that the closing months of Abraham Lincoln's life were gifted with a feeling of peace which for long he had not known. It was during these months that he conceived that closing paragraph of his second inaugural address:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right; let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."



THE IDEAL HEAD OF LINCOLN (A Sculpture by Schweizer)







# LINCOLN HAPPY ON BEFORE HIS DEATH

## Tragedy Had on Another Occasion Followed in Train of Great Amer- ican's Happiness

By VIKTOR FLAMBEAU.

... "That sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gives liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but also hope to all the people of the world for all future times; which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. . .

"If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it."

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *Independence Hall,  
Philadelphia, February 22, 1861.*

"FATHER has never been happy since we came to Washington," mourned little Tad Lincoln, son of the President, who had mused as he waited in Springfield, Ill., after his election, "I shall never be glad any more."

Four years and forty days they had lived here in the White House, President Lincoln and his family; Mrs. Lincoln, who was Miss Mary Todd of Kentucky and whom he had won from his rival, Stephen A. Douglas, who had courted her and whom everyone thought she would prefer, because Douglas like herself was an aristocrat. Two sons the Lincolns had here with them, and another little fellow they had buried back in Illinois.

### Was Happy That Day

Yet, by a strange, uncanny contradiction of events, there came to Lincoln a happy day. It followed the years of sadness. On the preceding night, April 13, 1865, Lincoln had been haunted by oppressing dreams, but the next day was the fourth anniversary of the evacuation of Fort Sumter—Good Friday, April 14—and Lincoln was happy at last, sharing in the people's joy that the war was over.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln were planning their future once more while driving that day. Because of her ambition he had first

sought election to Congress and had come to Washington years before, though he keenly loved politics himself, and especially the fight for principles.

But on this spring day, just before Easter, driving in Washington, they planned together that they would save a little money and go back to Springfield, and he would practice law again, so a biographer tells us. Afterward Mrs. Lincoln recalled that she had only once seen him so unnaturally happy, and curiously enough, that was just before their little Willie died.

Rumors of assassination had already been caught by the Secret

Service, and Secretary Stanton tried to dissuade Lincoln that evening from attending the theater, but the family were too joyful to heed him, and so Major Rathbone, his aide, accompanied the President.

### Entered Box at 9 P. M.

The play was "Our American Cousin," a British drama, with Laura Keane. It was her 1,000th night of "Tom Taylor's Eccentric Comedy," so the old playbill reads, now in the Oldroyd Museum here, and the performance was a benefit for the actress star.

At 9 o'clock the party entered the President's box at the Ford Theater, Tenth street, just opposite the Oldroyd House, now owned by the Government, then the home of William Petersen.

The presidential box was draped with flags, one of which is now preserved in the War Department. A portion of the other is in the Heilmuller collection, probably the second largest in Washington. The President was unusually cheerful, and the play proceeded for one hour and twenty minutes without forewarning of the tragedy which finally came. That tragedy was the result of long plotting, much of which is still so unknown that it will bear recital, especially at the return of Lincoln's birthday.

Even the conspirators' names are barely remembered now, which is doubtless as it should be, for traitors deserve to be forgotten. Mrs. Surratt is more often recalled, and her body now rests in a Washington cemetery. John Wilkes Booth felt himself an instrument of justice, and he had expected applause and honor for ridding America of a "tyrant."

### Death Not First Plan

To kill Lincoln had not been the original intention, however, though he was bitterly enough hated in the North as well as in the South, for there was a large anti-war and anti-draft party, and a "stop-the-war" movement might have been expected had the conflict continued much longer. Indeed, a victory for the Democratic candidate at the time Lincoln made his second campaign would have been looked upon as a mandate for a peace which







would have left the nation divided; and Lincoln himself did not expect to win the election.

To kidnap the President and hold him for a gigantic ransom—that was the original idea conceived by Booth or one of his friends. Either the return of all the Confederate prisoners held by the North or the conclusion of peace on terms satisfactory to the Confederacy—these were the alternatives to be offered.

"The scheme was not as absurd and impracticable as it may sound today," says the narrator of this plot, "for the President seldom went about Washington with a guard, and opportunities to kidnap him, though infrequent to be sure, were not wholly lacking."

A building to hide the kidnaped President was also available, according to this authority, and he might have been detained in security until he could be safely conveyed in a closed carriage through the sympathetic Maryland counties south of Washington into Virginia.

### **Almost Carried Out**

So nearly was this plan executed that the conspirators had intended to capture Lincoln at a prior theatrical performance, which, as it happened, he was unable to attend, Secretary Chase going in his stead. The plotters awaited another opportunity, and in the meantime Lincoln was re-elected, and the war ended in Southern defeat. Thus was eliminated the possibility of using the captive President to restore the fortunes of the Confederacy.

Brooding on the misfortunes of the South, John Wilkes Booth determined to avenge them. He was the brother of Edwin Booth, the great actor, and the son of Junius Brutus Booth, an earlier star. Tragedy was his forte, so he planned and plotted.

Booth was not then playing at Ford's Theater, though a month previous he had had a role there in another drama. However, he seems to have visited the theater about noon on the fatal day, and between that hour and 5 o'clock he apparently tried to interview Vice President Andrew Johnson, who was a Southern man. His purpose one may only surmise, for it was never explained, but in the latter-box of the Vice President at the latter's hotel Booth's visiting card was later found, marked in his handwriting:

"Don't wish to disturb you; are you at home?"

"J. WILKES BOOTH."

### **Grants Did Not Attend**

General and Mrs. Grant had intended to go to the theater with the Presidential party that eve-

ning, but changed their plans. General Grant went on that same day to New Jersey to meet his daughter.

The company at Ford's Theater at that time was a stock organization, according to our authority, with a "visiting star" system, as it would be called nowadays.

Some one acquainted with the theater and the Presidential box had during the day cut a hole at the rear of the box, large enough to fire a bullet through. A brace to hold the outer door and prevent the assassin from being caught had also been arranged.

The conspirators met that evening at 8 o'clock, and each was assigned his part in the tragedy. Lewis Payne was to assassinate Secretary of State Seward. George A. Atzerodt was told to kill the

Vice President, but refused to have anything to do with the plot.

Davy Harrold, Mr. and Mrs. Surratt and others who had previously planned to assist in kidnaping the President, were presumably not at the meeting. The portraits of all these conspirators may now be seen at the Oldroyd Museum of Lincoln relics, 516 Tenth street northwest, the house in which Lincoln died.

Booth was quite familiar with the play, and chose for his deed the dramatic moment when all eyes were fastened on the stage and when the house was in almost total darkness.

### **Entered Seward's Home**

Payne at the same time was attempting to carry out his part of the plot. He had succeeded in getting into Secretary Seward's home, but in the attempt to reach his bedside, for the Secretary was ill, Payne attacked the Secretary's son and injured him severely. He was obliged to flee from the building without accomplishing his purpose.

Booth, on the other hand, quietly entered the President's box, and fired. The shot went home before anyone was aware of his intention. Some even thought it a part of the play.

Major Rathbone seized him, but Booth evaded the grasp and leaped over the box, catching his spur in the draped flags and falling heavily to the stage, breaking a bone in the leg.

He sprang up, however, and shouting in histrionic style, "Sic semper tyranni," limped across the stage before others realized what had happened, mounted his horse, which was waiting outside the theater, and dashed away across the Anacostia bridge into Maryland.

He succeeded in passing the guard at the bridge, and Davy Harrold, who came shortly after-

wards and was challenged, likewise succeeded in getting by. A liveryman who followed a little later to demand the return of Harrold's horse was told that if he left the city he could not re-enter till morning, so he decided to return to his home.

### **Took Good Hope Road**

Booth took the Good Hope road, and was overtaken by Harrold. They went to the Surratt tavern. An attache two days later informed soldiers that they had been there. In the meantime they had gone on to Upper Marlboro, instead of continuing their way to Virginia.

Booth's broken leg was set by Dr. Samuel Mudd, who probably knew of the previous plot to kidnap Lincoln. There is no evidence to show that he had learned of the assassination.

Booth believed himself a hero and the deliver of the South. His first shock of disillusionment came when at the home of Colonel Cox he revealed what he had done, and was amazed at the horror his story produced. He discovered that Confederate sympathizers looked upon the deed with abhorrence.

### **Conspirators Sentenced**

The War Department immediately offered a reward of \$100,000 for information leading to the apprehension of Booth and the other plotters. In a proclamation signed by Secretary Stanton, copies of which are in both the Oldroyd and Heltmuller collections.

In the meantime, Booth and Harrold crossed the Potomac. They took refuge in a farm smoke-house, later surrounded by Federal soldiers, one of whom, disregarding orders, shot and killed Booth. The family was afterward permitted to take the body, which was interred in the family lot in a Baltimore burying ground, unmarked, according to agree-

ment. For this reason, tradition has claimed that Booth escaped, but that was not true.

The other conspirators were caught, tried and sentenced. One of them had fled to Canada, and later to Rome, where he is said to have joined the Papal guards, but he was at length apprehended. Payne, Harrold, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt were hanged, though it had been expected, as the evidence against her was not very strong, that Mrs. Surratt's sentence would be commuted. Instead, her execution took place within twenty-four hours.

Lincoln's assassination created a profound effect. His fame has spread to every part of the globe. He has become almost the greatest figure in American history,







comparable with Washington. A thousand histories of him have been written, a hundred artists have produced realistic or ideal portraits. Some of these portraits, even those from life, have never before been published.

Michael S. Nachtrieb, who was born in 1835 and died at eighty-one, was one of the painters who left many pictures of Lincoln, seven or eight of which are owned by Anton Heltmuller, of Washington. One of these, a full-face view with beard, executed from life while Lincoln was in the White House, is now on view in the National Gallery, a loan from Anton Heltmuller, who has kindly consented to its reproduction here.

It may be compared with the other full-face Lincoln portrait, by the late George H. Story, painted also in the White House, and given by Mrs. E. H. Harriman to the National Gallery.

### Other Lincoln Relics

Even more interesting, possibly, are two others owned by Mr. Heltmuller, and now on view at his private museum, 1307 Fourteenth street northwest. One of these is a standing, three-quarter length of Lincoln in 1860, without the beard, which appears in the later ones. Another is of President Lincoln and his son Tad, seated on either side of a table. A comparison of these faces shows the earlier one, before he became President, marked with a smile of humor, the later ones stern and serious.

Mr. Heltmuller's collection of Lincoln mementoes he believes to be second only to that of Captain Oldroyd, in the house to which Lincoln was quickly carried from the theater and where he died. For many years Mr. Heltmuller has been assembling Lincoln relics, but he also has gathered other important and interesting objects in great number, including especially paintings, Indian handicrafts and Javanese batiks, in which work Mrs. Heltmuller shares his enthusiasm.

Besides the portion of flag from the presidential box at Ford's theater, Mr. Heltmuller has a flag

which draped the bier of President Lincoln as his body lay in state in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. A belle of the day said to a guard whom she knew, "I would like one of those flags," and he afterward procured it for her. That flag is now the property of Mr. Heltmuller.

### Lincoln in Congress

"A National Birth-Night Ball" for Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1848, is a large placard with "Hon. A. Lincoln" printed among the long list of the committee of managers. Lincoln was in Washington in Congress then. Other important names of the day are those of Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Hamilton. "Hon. S. A. Douglass" (Lincoln's political rival), James Buchanan, Daniel Webster, Sam Houston and such familiar Washington citizens as Benjamin Ogle Tayloe and W. W. Corcoran.

Mr. Heltmuller has had opportunities to sell many of his Lincoln souvenirs, but instead he prefers to add to the group in order to make it more complete and keep it intact. At present he believes it to have but one rival, the Oldroyd Collection.

Capt. Osborn H. Oldroyd, who has lived in Washington the past thirty years, has devoted his life to gathering Lincoln material. As a boy, in Ohio, he became interested in stories of Lincoln and even now he shows us a pamphlet entitled "Abram Lincoln," published in New York, which was the first of his incentives.

Captain Oldroyd began this collection before the civil war, while Lincoln was yet alive. Then he served four years in the war, and became even more imbued with interest in Lincoln's career. Afterward he purchased from Fred Lincoln, the son of the President, the Lincoln homestead in Springfield, Ill., and lived there many years, all the time collecting Lincoln data.

When he came to Washington, Captain Oldroyd first rented for three years the house in which Lincoln had died, until the Government acquired it by purchase. Meanwhile he increased his collection, which has now become so famous that visitors from all over the world come to see it. In the past month, strangers from South Africa, from Jerusalem, and of course far corners of the United States, have signed their names in the visitors' book.

### Collection Is Famous

Henry Ford last year offered \$50,000 for the Oldroyd Collection, when it was said that he intended to remove it to another city.

"Before I would consider the offer," Captain Oldroyd told Flambeau, "I wished to give our Gov-

ernment an opportunity to acquire it, so that it might remain here, in its proper setting." Accordingly a bill to appropriate \$50,000 for such purchase, was introduced in Congress last month by Henry Riggs Rathbone, son of Major Rathbone, who was aide to President Lincoln and was with him the night of his death.

A few of the most touching objects are the family Bible of Lincoln's step-mother, Mrs. Johnston, the first desk Lincoln had when he set up housekeeping in Springfield, the family stove, still substantial, vases and masks of Lincoln, and the last bit of writing left by Lincoln, for some caller just as he was leaving the White House to go to the theater: "No pass is necessary now to authorize anyone to go to and return from Petersburg and Richmond. People go and return just as they did before the war."

"A. LINCOLN."

### Room on First Floor

The room in which Lincoln died is on the first floor, a plain small apartment, with three windows and walls now covered with Lincoln pictures, one of which, the "Village Blacksmith," was originally hanging there. It is a room, however, with an atmosphere, not unworthy to have held the man who rose from such obscure beginnings to sublime greatness.

One who has stood in rooms of other great men, Shakespeare, Burns, Carlyle, Sir Walter Scott, has doubtless felt there, as well as in Washington or at Arlington, the grandeur of an inspired career.

Lincoln's memory today is honored at home and abroad. A visiting British painter, Walter I. Cox, of 1000 Vermont avenue northwest, has created a heroic canvas of Lincoln, historically accurate and very suggestive in its composition.

President Lincoln is standing beside a table, his fingers pointing to an open book, while a map is spread before him, and other books are scattered about.

Mr. Cox was interested in making this study after coming to America, and would like to place it in some school or institution where it might be enjoyed and appreciated. The picture may be seen in his studio.

That Charles Darwin, the most revolutionary of British scientific men, and Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of millions, were born on the same day, February 12, 1809, Robert Ingersoll reminds us in his classic lecture on Lincoln.

### Darwin Born Same Day

"One was educated in the University of Nature, the other at Cambridge," says Ingersoll. "One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor . . .







The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light."

Lincoln had other famous contemporaries, born in the same year, among whom may be named Alfred Lord Tennyson, poet laureate of England, and Edgar Allan Poe, the American poet best known abroad. More celebrated than all the others is Lincoln's memory today, and we may repeat Stanton's words at his death-bed:

"Now he belongs to the ages."

**THE WASHINGTON HERALD-**

FEB 11 1912







# Envoy's Letter Termed Lincoln Friend of South

Swedish Minister Stressed  
Program of Conciliation  
in Report to Stockholm  
on Murder of President

Saw Conservative Loss

Could Not Believe Secession  
Leaders Plotted to Kill  
'Most Tolerant Opponent'

STOCKHOLM.

President Lincoln's conciliatory policy toward the South was clearly sensed at the time of his death by members of the foreign diplomatic corps stationed in Washington. This is shown by a dispatch sent a few days later by the Swedish Minister to the United States, H. af Wetterstedt, to the Foreign Minister of Sweden, Count Manderstroem.

For the information of the Swedish government it summarizes the political situation in Washington following Lincoln's death. The Swedish archives are automatically opened after fifty years, and this letter has therefore become available to the public:

"Washington, April 18, 1865.

"His Excellency Count Manderstroem,  
Minister for Foreign Affairs, etc.:

"News of the tragic occurrence which took place here in the evening of Good Friday, the 14th, was dispatched to Europe via two mail steamers which left New York the following day and is now known everywhere. I also take the liberty of inclosing a number of newspaper clippings describing the crime in great detail. I have nothing further to add, but will confine myself to relating the present state of affairs.

Tells of Seward's Condition

"The condition of Mr. Seward is as good as could be expected; there seems hardly to be any doubt about his complete recovery. He has not for a moment lost consciousness. His older son, Frederick Seward, Assistant Secretary of State, who received a fractured skull from a blow of the murderer's revolver butt, has been unconscious up to yesterday morning, when he regained his consciousness and has not since relapsed. His condition is precarious, although there is good hope that his life also may be spared. The younger son, major in the United States Army, received some knife stabs, which did not cause any damage to speak of.

"The President's murderer is supposed with certainty to be an actor by the name of Booth—he has not yet been apprehended. This morning a man, called Suratt, has been arrested here in town as being strongly suspected of having committed the attempt at murder in Seward's house. Rumors maintain that there are several others involved in the case and that the plan was to assassinate several of the members of the Cabinet.

Lincoln's Tolerance Stressed

"Public opinion considers the leaders of the secession as the instigators of the crime, but there is no positive ground for this belief. I cannot and will not believe it. They could hardly have been ignorant of the fact that in President Lincoln they have slain the most tolerant of their opponents and robbed the conservative party in the North of its best spokesman and mightiest support. The same might be said of Mr. Seward. The same day that Mr. Lincoln fell for the murderer's bullet he had expressed in the Cabinet his desire to let the leaders of the opposition leave the country unharmed and that they should be assisted with money, if necessary.

"The plan for the reconstruction of the Union which the President outlined in his public speech the 11th, namely, that the people in the secession states be allowed to form new local congresses for themselves and elect representatives to the Congress in Washington, has been disapproved of by the members of the Cabinet, and the President has yielded to their objections. As a consequence of this, a planned meeting of the members of the local Legislature and other important men in Virginia approved of by the Military Governor of Richmond—if not by a higher authority—to consider whether the state should again join the Union, has been forbidden and General Weitzel has been recalled from his command.

Capital in Mourning

"The new President, although originally from one of the slave states, Tennessee—is supposed to adhere more strongly to the opinion of those who demand a severe punishment of the rebels.

"President Lincoln's funeral will take place to-morrow, Wednesday, at 12 o'clock. The diplomatic corps will be present in traditional mourning. Place has been assigned us, this time on our suggestion, next to the President and his Cabinet. We have through a deputation expressed our desire to offer our condolences to President Lincoln's oldest son, major in the United States Army, as the representative of the family. The offer has been graciously declined. All houses in Washington are draped with black. The grief over Lincoln's death is general and deep felt.

Official Notice Inclosed

"I have the honor to inclose a copy of the official notification from the Department of State in regard to the President's successor, etc.:

"Department of State,  
"15th April, 1865.

"Sir:

"It is my great misfortune to be obliged to inform you of events not less afflicting the people of the United States than distressing to my own feelings and the feelings of all those connected with the government.

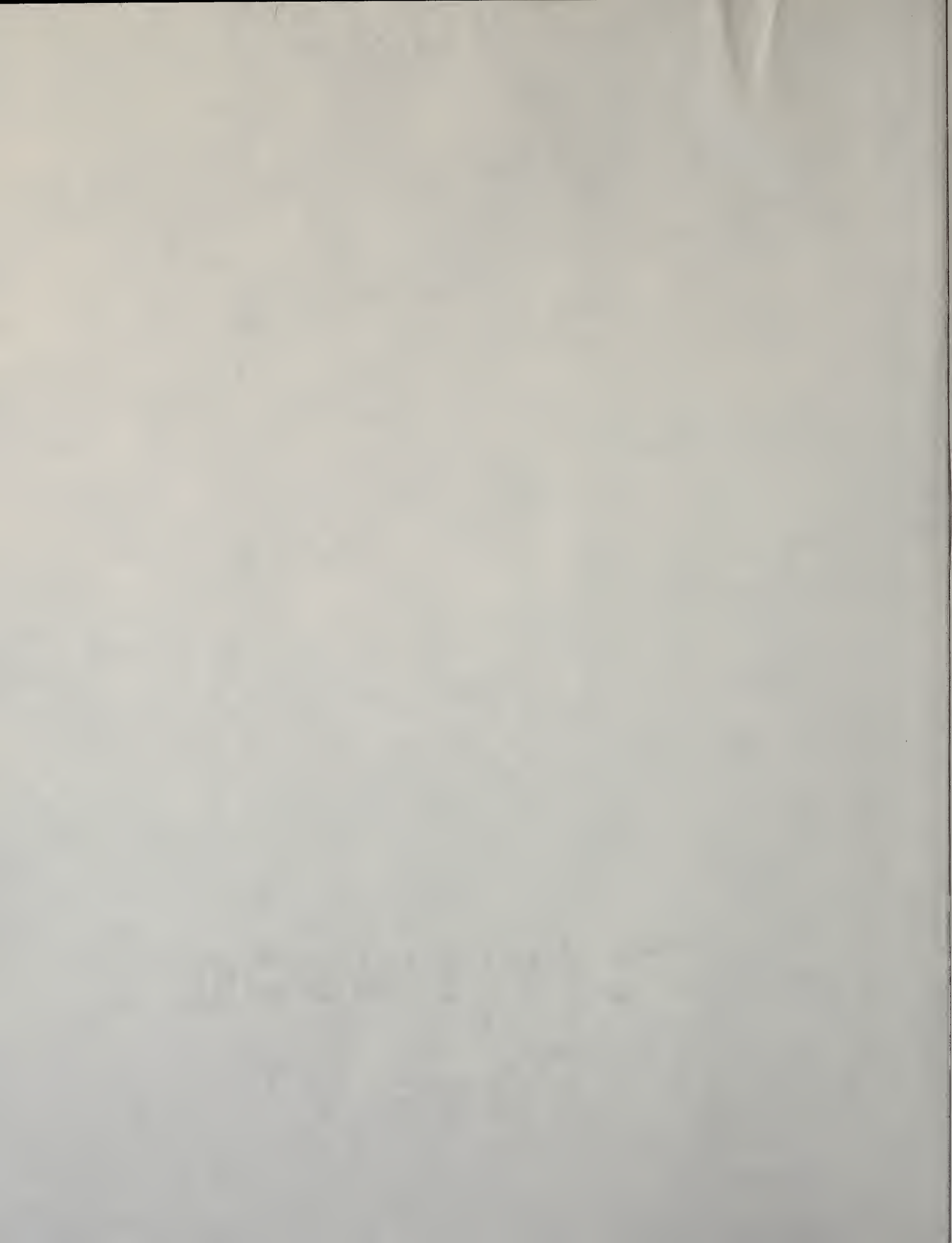
"The President of the United States was shot with a pistol last night while attending a theater in this city and expired this morning from the effects of the wound. At about the same time an

attempt was made to assassinate the Secretary of State, which, though it fortunately failed, left him severely but, it is hoped, not dangerously wounded with a knife or dagger. Mr. F. W. Seward was also struck on the head with a heavy weapon and is in a critical condition from the effects of the blows.

"Pursuant to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, has formally assumed the functions of President.

"W. HUNTER,  
"Acting Secretary."







exultation, but of broad, patriotic charity and of keen, sensitive personal sympathy for the whole country and all its people, South as well as North. His conversation with Stephens, Hunter and Campbell had probably revealed to him glimpses of the undercurrent of their anxiety that fraternal bloodshed and the destructive ravages of war might somehow come to an end."

Just before the president's birthday the house of representatives passed a resolution requesting the president to communicate to it such information as he might deem compatible with the public interest concerning his interview with the Confederate commissioners. The president sent to the house a message summarizing the transactions on board the steamer, which actually amounted to nothing at all. This message was received February 10 and a short discussion occurred in the house. According to Nicolay and Hay:

"It (the discussion) did not rise above the level of an ordinary party wrangle. The few Democrats who took part in it complained of the president for refusing an armistice, while the Republicans retorted with Jefferson Davis' conditions about the 'two countries' and the more recent declarations of his Richmond harangue, announcing his readiness to perish for independence. On the whole, both congress and the country were gratified that the incident had called out Mr. Lincoln's renewed declaration of an unalterable resolve to maintain the Union. Patriotic hope was quickened and public confidence strengthened by noting once more his singleness of purpose and steadfastness of faith. No act of his could have formed a more fitting prelude to his second inauguration, which was now rapidly approaching, and the preliminary steps of which were at this time consummated."

This feeling throughout the country and in congress was becoming evident to the president on his last birthday, so much so that he commented on it to his friends and advisers. It showed him that the nation was behind him, and that he would be supported to the completion of his work of cementing the Union.

Almost in the nature of a birthday gift came the formal announcement to President Lincoln that he had been elected president of the United States. On the very day of Lincoln's birthday the first of the cotton ships Sherman had sent from Savannah put into New York and Newport, R. I. The newspapers of February 13 featured the dispatches announcing the arrival of the vessels and commenting with favor on the prospects of getting great cargoes of cotton from the newly opened ports of the South.

The dailies were also filled with dispatches telling of the progress of Grant's campaign against Lee, which was beginning so to formulate itself that Appomattox should end the war, and that Sherman had completed his march to the sea. None viewed the approach of peace with greater gratification than did Lincoln, and it was with the spirit of this period of his last birthday upon him that he wrote his second inaugural address, which is fraught with human sympathy, so expressive of the character of the man.

The sad story of the great president's death is familiar to all. That it was to follow so closely on his last birthday, so lightened by hope and gratitude for the success of the Union cause, none could foresee, unless, as some writers declare, the president himself had forebodings of it.

In all events, it is pleasant to contemplate that the closing months of Abraham Lincoln's life were gifted with a feeling of peace which for long he had not known. It was during these months that he conceived that closing paragraph of his second inaugural address:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."







# LIGHT ON LINCOLN'S LAST DAYS; HIS SPIRIT WAS ONE OF TRIUMPH

## Unconscious of His Impending Doom, He Was Planning Peace and Reconstruction for the Nation He Had Kept Whole

*The following article, which deals with the last days of Lincoln, is the sixth of a series based on more than 2,000 letters and papers, none of them appearing in any of the standard editions of Lincoln's works and many of them now published for the first time. Mr. Hertz is one of the best-known students and collectors of Lincoln material.*

By EMANUEL HERTZ.

THE last days of Lincoln's life gave no visible warning that they were the last. His own powers were at their height. Victory was crowning the Union arms on every front. In Virginia Grant was drawing around Lee's tattered battalions his cordon of steel. Sherman, in his march from Atlanta to the sea, had broken the backbone of the Confederacy. Thomas had wiped out Hood's army in Tennessee. Sheridan's troopers rode at will through the Shenandoah Valley, and the city of Washington was secure at last. The Northern navy had a stranglehold on the Southern ports. Little went out and less came in to aid the South. Long ago Lincoln's diplomacy had made an end of the very idea of foreign intervention in aid of the Confederacy. The rail splitter's lengthening shadow stretched across the American continent, darkened the prospects of the French, who were trying to maintain Maximilian upon the shaky throne of Mexico, and was visible even in Europe.

As Lincoln's first term drew to a close and as his second term began he was not only the victor in a great conflict but the arbiter of a nation's destiny. A little more than four years earlier he had been making ready to start on his journey to Washington—to all the world an untried man. Now, as Stanton was so soon to say, he belonged to the ages.

### Plans for Reconstruction.

But this he could not know, except in the darkness of his dreams. He faced with growing hope the practical problems of the situation. The terms of peace were calling for determination. What of reconstruction? What policies would meet the ideas and prejudices of the leaders in Congress and of his Cabinet? How best could the nation's wounds be healed? How could the former slaves be started on the weary road to actual freedom, education and self-support?

The last weeks of Lincoln's life become especially important because of the endless debate as to what would have happened had he, rather

than Johnson, been in the White House during the life of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses. Biographers of Johnson have maintained that what happened to Johnson would have happened to Lincoln had not a kind Providence removed him in the nick of time. But to pay any heed to this theory is to misunderstand Lincoln and his methods. He did not look upon reconstruction with any apprehension at any time—if he did he must have kept it to himself. He proceeded in his own way and in his own time with reconstruction in Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee. He had the tremendous prestige to kill without comment the counter-proposals of such irreconcilables as Ben Wade and Henry Winter Davis.

Here he is, then, in the White House as the Winter of 1865 softens into Spring. He hopes to complete his second term, set the Ship of State on its course again, then retire to Springfield, or perhaps to Chicago, and rest and travel and then practice law. In this article we follow his last weeks and days, revealing him not in any one phase but in as many of his activities as we can—trying to see the whole man as he approached his apogee. Always remembering that we are dealing here only with material which has never been published or has been published only obscurely, let us see how his greatness appears in the new and unfamiliar material just as it has appeared in the old and well known.

### Not a Dictator's Letter.

He had been called a dictator, but it was no dictator who wrote the following letter on the limitations of the military power in time of war:

Executive Mansion, Washington, Jan. 20, 1865.

Major Gen. Reynolds:

It would appear by the accompanying papers that Mrs. Mary E. Morton is the owner, independently of her husband, of a certain building, premises and furniture, which she, with her children, has been

occupying and using peaceably during the war, until recently, when the Provost Marshal has, in the name of the United States Government, seized the whole of said property and ejected her from it. It also appears by her statement to me that her husband went off in the rebellion at the beginning, wherein he still remains. . . .

The seizure must have been on some claim confiscation, a matter of which the courts and not the Provost Marshal, or other military officers, are to judge. In this very case would probably be the question, "Is either the husband or wife a traitor?" "Is the property of the wife confiscable for the treason of her husband?" and similar questions, all which it is ridiculous for a Provost Marshal to assume to decide.

The true rôle of the military is to seize such property as is needed for military use and reasons and let the rest alone. Cotton and other staple articles of commerce are seizable for military reasons. Dwelling houses and furniture are seldom so. If Mrs. Morton is playing traitor, to the extent of practical injury, seize her, but leave her home to the court. Please review and adjust this case upon these principles.

Senator L. W. Powell of Kentucky came to him with the complaint that Union soldiers had been foraging on the property of the Sisters of Charity in his State. Lincoln sat down and jotted the desired safeguard on a card, still in possession of the order:

Let no depredation be committed upon the property or possession of the "Sisters of Charity" at Nazareth Academy, near Bardstown, Ky. Jan. 17, 1865.

### A. LINCOLN.

He would not tolerate discrimination against sects or classes. He had revoked Grant's General Order No. 11, which forbade "Jews, as a class," to come within Grant's line. On Jan. 25, 1865, he wrote to Stanton:

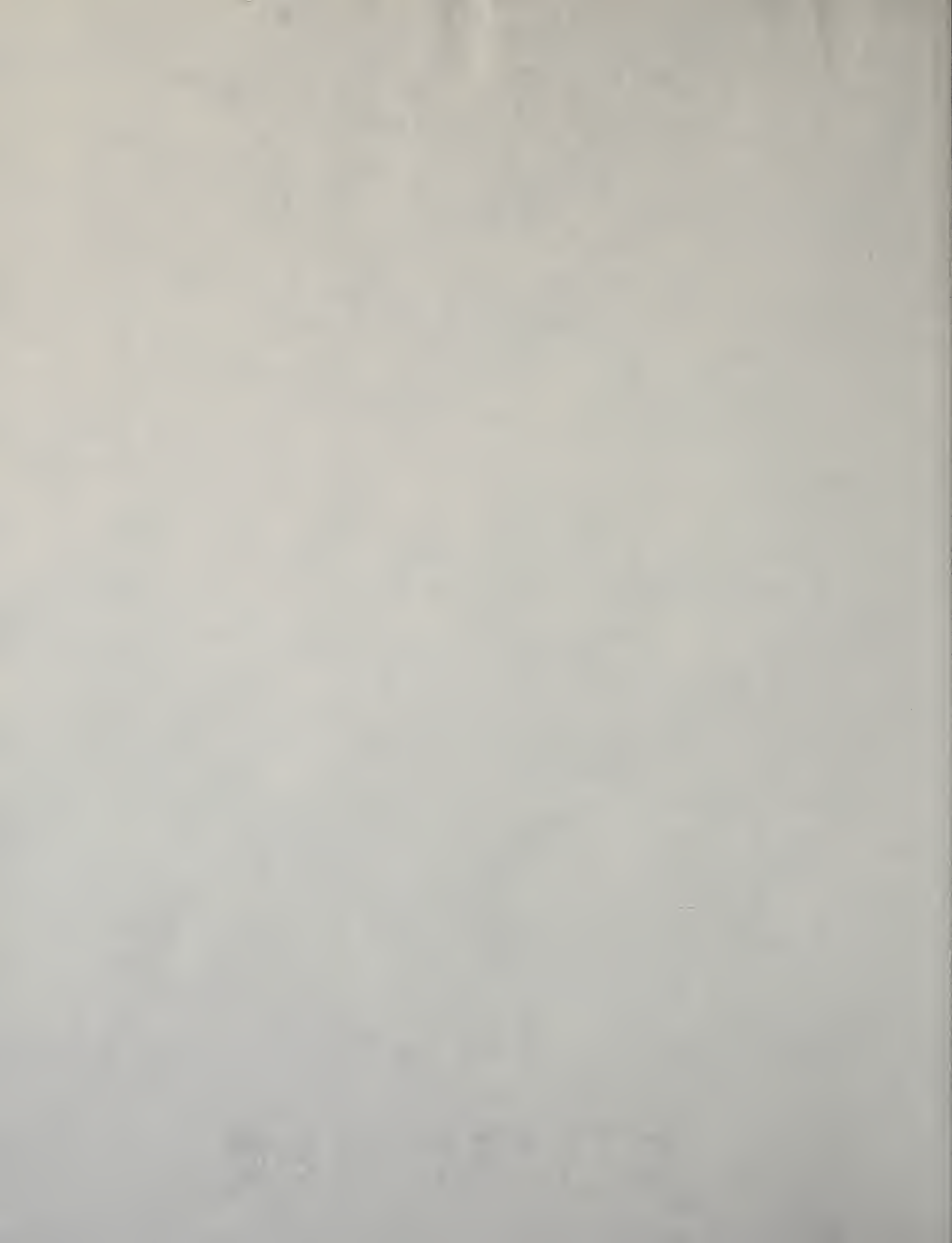
About Jews. I wish you would give Dr. Zacharie a pass to go to Savannah, remain a week and return, bringing with him, if he wishes, his father and sisters, or any of them. . . . Blumenberg, at Baltimore. I think he should have a hearing. He has suffered for us and served us well—had the rope around his neck for being our friend—raised troops—fought, and been wounded. He should not be dismissed in a way that ruins him without a hearing.

Leopold Blumenberg was a Maryland loyalist who had been wounded at Antietam and later appointed Provost Marshal of the Third Maryland district. He had been dismissed eight days before the date of Lincoln's letter.

### A Peace Conference.

In February, 1865, Lincoln and Seward met Confederate emissaries on board a steamer near Fortress Monroe in Hampton Roads to listen to peace proposals. The conference came to nothing because the Con-







federates did not yet realize the hopelessness of their military situation. But Lincoln left no stone unturned to end the war. He drafted in his own hand the assurances which were sent to the Confederate commissioners, under the signature of the War Department telegraph chief, Major Thomas Eckert:

I am instructed by the President of the United States to place this paper in your hands with the information that if you pass through the U. S. military lines it will be understood that you do so for the purposes of an informal conference, on the basis of the letter, a copy of which is on the reverse side of this sheet; and that if you choose to pass on such understanding, and so notify me in writing, I will procure the Commanding General to pass you through the lines, and to Fortress Monroe, under such military precautions as he may deem prudent, and, at which place you will be met in due time by some person or persons for the purpose of such informal conference. And further that you shall have protection, safe conduct, and safe return, in all events.

Many peace projects were in the air, some genuine, some spurious. Lincoln sometimes lost patience with the latter, as the following memorandum, written in February, 1865, shows. He uses, as he often did, the third person:

After inquiry I believe it is true that a man calling himself J. Wesley Greene and professing to reside at Pittsburgh, Pa., called on the President some time in November, and stated to him that he, Greene, had had two interviews with Jeff. Davis at Richmond, Va., on the last day of October, and also related certain statements which he said Davis had made to him upon that occasion. The President became satisfied that Greene had not seen Davis at all, and that the whole thing was a very shallow attempt at humbug. Jeff. Davis can redeem Greene's character, if he will, by verifying his statement.

In those days Lincoln turned from great things to little with the utmost simplicity. Early in 1865 we find him writing to his friend John

Work Garrett, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company:

It is said we shall soon all be in the dark here, unless you can bring coal to make gas. I suppose you would do this, without any interference, if you could; and I only write now to say, it is very important to us; and not to say that you must stop supplying the army to make room to carry coal. Do all you can for us in both matters.

The war cloud is lifting. This letter, written on March 1, 1865, to Thomas W. Conway, General Superintendent of Freedmen for the Department of the Gulf, shows how Lincoln approached the problem of the liberated Negro:

Your statement to Major Gen. Hurlbut of the condition of the freedmen of your department, and of your success in the work of their moral and physical elevation, has reached me and given me much pleasure. That we shall be entirely successful in our efforts I firmly believe. The blessings of God and the efforts of good and faithful men will bring us an earlier and happier consummation than the most sanguine friends of the freedmen could reasonably expect.

April comes and the war is nearing its close. In Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas he has gathered as able a group of generals as ever led an army to victory. But Lincoln remains a strategist and follows every move. The Battle of Five Forks is coming to an end. Lee is being thrust back, will soon have to evacuate Petersburg and retire toward Appomattox, where he will deliver his army to his old enemy, Grant. It is half-past 5 o'clock on the afternoon of April 1. Lincoln, from army headquarters at City Point, wires Seward at Fortress Monroe:

Dispatch just received, showing that Sheridan, aided by Warren, had at 2 P. M. pushed the enemy back so as to re-take the five forks and bring his own headquarters up to J. Boissan's. The five forks were barricaded by the enemy and carried by Diven's division of cavalry. This part of the enemy seem to now be trying to work







along the White Oak Road, to join the main force in front of Grant, while Sheridan and Warren are pressing them as closely as possible.

It is clear that we cannot see his last days in the light in which they appeared to him. For us they are overshadowed with the knowledge of what was to come. For him they seemed to mark the passing of the cloud that had hung over the land for four terrible years. For him peace lies ahead. It may seem amazing that small politics and appointments to office should hold his attention to the very last moment of his life. But he was looking ahead, and he knew by what means he could keep a loyal party and loyal State and Congressional leaders behind him, to help him in reconstruction as they had helped him in the great adventure of saving the Union. So on the day before his assassination he has time to write to the Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCulloch:

The office of Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifth Collection District of California is vacant by the resignation of Charles Maltby. I would like to oblige General Schenck by the appointment of his nephew, William C. S. Smith, long a resident of the district, to fill the vacancy. I am satisfied that he is competent, and of good character, and that his appointment will be satisfactory in the district and State. Unless you know some valid objection, send me an appointment for him.

#### Day Imperfectly Recorded.

His last day has been the subject of many a book, and still it remains—and may always remain—incompletely chronicled. We do know that it was a day of great and even happy activity. Lee had surrendered five days earlier. Johnston, with the only other important Confederate force, was that very day asking for an armistice. The news was tonic to the war-worn President. Men of less doughty fiber had failed all around him. His old antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, had died in June, 1861. Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, suffering from what we should now call shell shock, had wandered off aimlessly from the task assigned to him. Hooker, worn out, had broken down on the eve of Gettysburg. Even Stanton, prodigious worker though he was, was beginning to show signs of absolute exhaustion. Lincoln alone, almost like a man refreshed, works on. On April 14, his last day, the Federal appointments for Maryland come up. He has a conference

#### THE INCOMPLETE RECORD OF LINCOLN'S LAST DAY

THE last day of Lincoln's life has not been completely chronicled. It is known, however, that he conferred on Maryland appointments with Governor Swann and Senator Creswell; that he pardoned Benjamin F. Twilley, a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md.; that he held a Cabinet meeting which General Grant attended; that he prepared a speech with which he intended to greet Sir Frederick Bruce, the new British Minister, next day; and that he deferred an appointment so that he might attend the theatre performance at which he was shot.

with Governor Swann and Senator Creswell, and the names are agreed to, as he writes on the memorandum of the interview, "on a plan suggested by me."

One could not well imagine a day in Lincoln's life at this time passing without a pardon. Creswell brought or sent him a note asking for the pardon of Benjamin F. Twilley, a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md. Lincoln scanned the application and wrote, as he had written so many times before, "Let it be done," and added his signature and the date—destined to be so historic.

That same day he had called his last Cabinet meeting, sending out the note in his own handwriting. "Please assemble the Cabinet," he wrote to Seward, "at 11 A. M. today. General Grant will meet with us." Those who were present at that meeting testified that Lincoln had never seemed so cheerful and happy. His weariness was dropping from him. He was in a holiday mood. He had made an appointment with Senator William H. Stewart, but it conflicted with another. So he sent a note to Stewart:

I am engaged to go to the theatre with Mrs. Lincoln. It is the kind of an engagement I never break. Come with your friend tomorrow at ten and I shall be glad to see you.

When "tomorrow at ten" came Lincoln's eyes were closed forever. His destiny had moved on swift wings. It is remarkable how many people, some of whom might have saved him, declined the invitation to go with him. Grant had left with Mrs. Grant to visit their children. Major Eckert had work to do for Stanton. Postmaster General Denni-

son refused on religious grounds. Robert Lincoln and John Hay had been out horseback riding and were too tired. The faithful Lamon was away—with his vigilant eye he might, had he been present, have seen the assassin in time to avert the tragedy.

We have one more document to add to this account of his final phase, one which he had prepared before going to Ford's Theatre, and which he was to have delivered on the following day, Saturday, April 15, to Sir Frederick Bruce, England's newly appointed Minister to the United States. On the following Monday Andrew Johnson, the new President, in his temporary office in the Treasury Department, asked one of the secretaries to read this address of his late chief. So Lincoln was made to speak even after all that was mortal of him was at rest.

The address ran in part as follows:

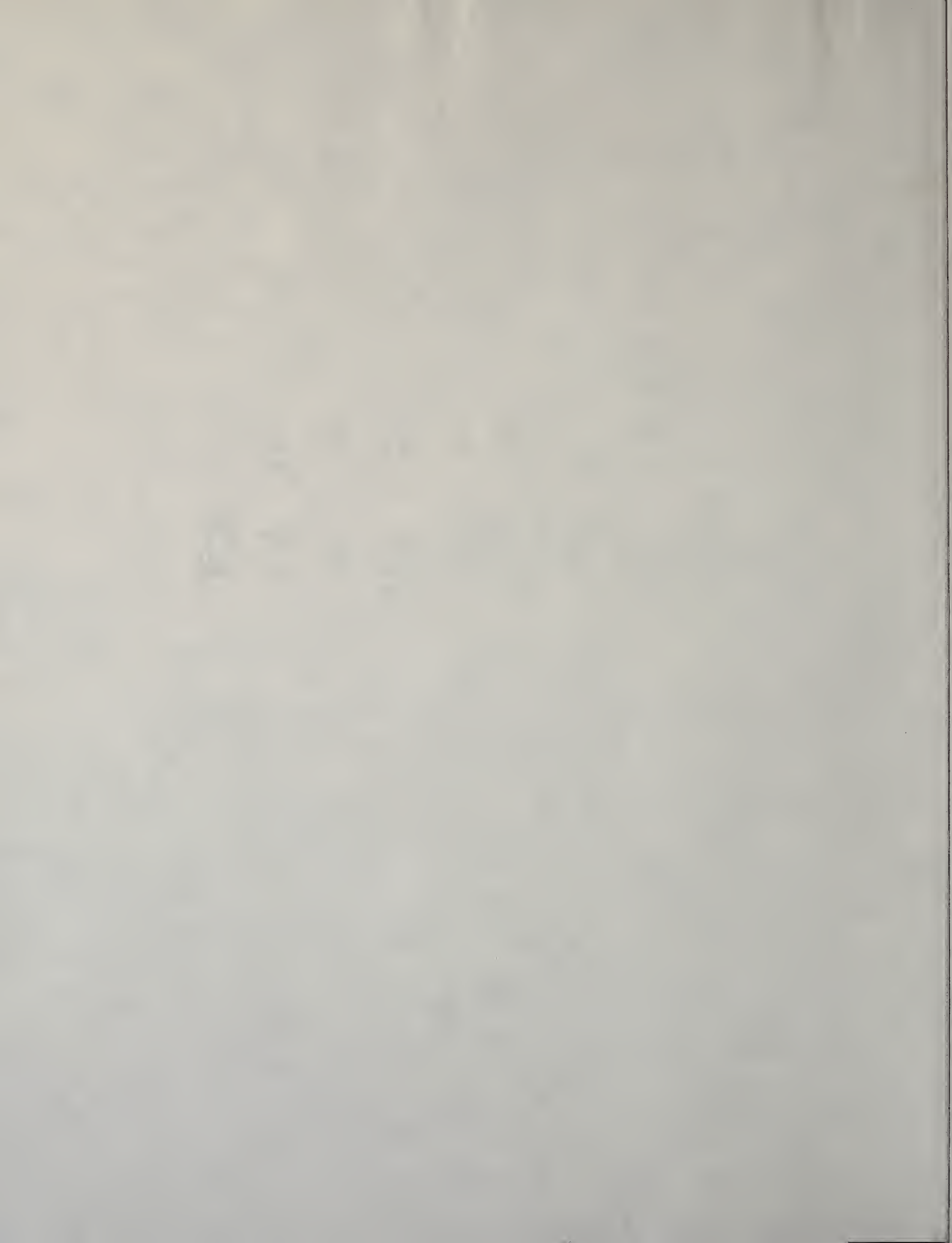
Sir Frederick A. W. Bruce.

Sir: The cordial and friendly sentiments which you have expressed on the part of her Britannic majesty give me great pleasure. Great Britain and the United States, by the extended and varied forms of commerce between them, the contiguity of positions of their possessions, and the similarity of their language and laws, are drawn into contrast and intimate discourse at the same time. They are from the same causes exposed to frequent occasions of misunderstanding, only to be averted by mutual forbearance. So eagerly are the people of the two countries engaged throughout almost the whole world in the pursuit of similar commercial enterprises, accompanied by natural rivalries and jealousies, that at first sight it would almost seem that the two governments must be enemies, or at best cold and calculating friends. So devoted are the two nations throughout all their domain, and even in their most remote territorial and colonial possessions, to the principles of civil rights and constitutional liberty, that, on the other hand, the superficial observer might erroneously count upon a continued concert of action and sympathy, amounting to an alliance between them.

Each is charged with the development of the progress and liberty of a considerable portion of the human race. Each, in its sphere, is subject to difficulties and trials, not participated in by the other. The interest of civilization and of humanity require that the two should be friends.

The language of diplomacy is not that of the Gettysburg speech or of the second inaugural. The emotion has been strained out of this address as it might be out of a legal document. Yet it is the spirit of Lincoln that here speaks.







# Lincoln's Last



Mary  
Todd  
Lincoln







# Day *described in* Letters of *his* Wife

Cosmopolitan now presents two of the most interesting letters it would be possible to find in the world today. They were written by Mary Todd Lincoln to F. B. Carpenter, an artist friend of the family, after the assassination. The letters come to us through the courtesy of Paul Coster, Jr., of New York, who inherited them from his late uncle, Robert Coster.

These letters are significant in their revelation of the last hours of companionship between the President and his wife; they throw new light on the duel between Lincoln and Editor Shields and they show a mother's grief over the death of a son.

Accompanying the letters is an understanding interpretation by that foremost student of Lincolniana,

*Honoré Willsie Morrow*

LETTERS from Mary Lincoln! And such letters! It is as if a voice from beyond the grave had spoken. It is as if that woman so long maligned, so long neglected, had at last found a medium for giving the lie to the slandering tongues of many years.

Astonishing letters from any point of view! First of all because direct material from Mary Lincoln's hand is heartbreakingly meager. Secondly because the background against which these letters were written and the state of mind they portray are of poignant significance to any Lincoln lover. And thirdly because Frank Carpenter, the man to whom they were written, is of deep importance to Lincoln historians. And firstly and lastly, and all the time, because they are living documents from a source rich in unique facts about Abraham Lincoln which heretofore has yielded nothing.

Fifty years too late historians are beginning to realize that Lincoln's wife could have given them more than any other human being about his psychology and his history; could have given them precious facts. Nothing I have read has shown me so clearly as these letters what history has lost by their inexcusable neglect.

At the time Mary Lincoln wrote them her mind was still brilliant. She should not have been left a prey to agony and anxiety. Today a doctor would have provided mental stamina for that excited, overwrought mind and would have turned it outward from itself.

She should have been set to writing her husband's memoirs. But no one then understood her needs. She was put down as cranky and left to herself. Her son Robert was too young to recognize her peculiar fitness for such a work. John Hay and John George Nicolay, Lincoln's secretaries, should have recognized her possession of a unique treasure when they wrote their ten-volume life of the President, but they did not.

For nearly fifty years the name of Mary Lincoln has been shrouded in contumely. She has been written into history as a coarse, ill-educated scold, a curse to her husband and her children. To the world at large she has been either a nonentity or a crazy fool.

And then through the discovery of letters such as these she suddenly, after a half-century, reveals herself to us. Not as Xanthippe, not as a clod, but as a lovable, cultured, suffering human soul. And the world's conception of Lincoln's wife is shattered.

How completely these letters accomplish this demonstration can be appreciated only by reconstructing the moment at which she wrote them.

She still was suffering profoundly from the shock of the assassination. Waking and sleeping, she still saw

that dead face in her arms, that velvet frock of hers drenched with her husband's blood. From Washington she had fled to Chicago and had buried herself in a hotel in Hyde Park with her two sons. Here, under the fearful stress of the return to normal of a brain which for seven months had been frozen by horror, she wrote to Carpenter.

Frank Carpenter was an artist of New York City. He was firmly convinced that the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Lincoln in 1863 was an act unparalleled for moral grandeur in the history of mankind, and he became obsessed with a desire to paint a picture of the President and his Cabinet at the moment of the issuing. He was poor but he had good friends, and after months of struggle and disappointment, he found someone who would pay his expenses, and someone else who would introduce him to Lincoln.

Early in 1864 he was installed in the White House and remained there for six months while he painted the picture now familiar to every school child. He was a gentle soul and he came to adore Lincoln. Mary he liked and admired and she returned his feeling.

IN THOSE long, lonely days and nights in Hyde Park when she checked over in her mind the few names of those on whose affection she might count, Frank Carpenter's was one. She was a human being of extraordinary warmth of feeling and she was starving for affection and for understanding sympathy.

Carpenter, early in the fall of 1865, wrote Mary telling her that a well-known firm of engravers had offered him five hundred dollars to make a black-and-white painting of the Lincoln family; not the pathetic remnant of the family but that happy group of 1861 when Willie too was still alive. Carpenter proposed to build the picture from individual photographs and asked Mary's advice and help.

The letter came at a moment when Mary needed it. Of course she would help. Her hungry heart went out to this man who was not only her husband's friend but hers and the children's. And she wrote him from the depths, giving him one of those glimpses of Lincoln that make us realize how rich a treasure of reminiscences she took with her into the silence.

Mr Carpenter

My dear Sir:

Your last letter, has been received—It would be utterly impossible for me, in my present nervous state, to sit

Chicago Nov 15th







Chicago Nov 15<sup>th</sup>Mr Carpenter  
My dear Sir:

Your last letter, has been received. It would be utterly impossible for me, in my present nervous state, to sit for a photograph. Although, I should like to oblige you much. There is an excellent likeness of me taken in 1861.

nature, always unassuming & an intellect, far beyond his years. When I reflect, as I am always doing, upon the overwhelming loss, of that, most idolized boy, and the crushing blow, that deprived me, of my all in all, in this life, I wonder that I retain my reason & live. There are hours of each day, that my mind, cannot be brought to realize, that He, who is omnipotent, so great and good, a God, has thus seen fit to afflict us! How difficult it is to be reconciled to such a bereavement, how much sooner, each one, of our stricken family, if the choice had been left to us, would have preferred "passing away," ourselves.

It strikes me strangely how such a rumor, should be circulated—that Robert is in Europe.

The thought of leaving home, I am sure, has never once, entered his mind. He is diligently applying himself, to his law studies—a most devoted Son & brother—Every thing, is so fabulously, high here, that his third of the estate, an income of \$1800 apiece—with taxes deducted—It requires the most rigid economy, with Robert & the rest, of us to clothe ourselves, plainly & weekly settle our board-bills. Is not this, a sad change for us!—As a matter of course living, every where, now, in the U. S. is high—Yet I cannot express to you, how painful to me, it is, to have no quiet home, where I can freely indulge my sorrows—this, is, yet another, of the crosses, appointed unto me—With my beloved husband, I should have had, a heart, for any fate, if "need be." Dear little Taddie! was named, for my husband's, father, Thomas Lincoln, no T—for a middle name—was nicknamed, Taddie, by his dear loving Father—Taddie is learning to be as diligent in his studies, as he used to be at play, in the W. H. he appears to be rapidly making up, for the great amount of time, he lost in W.—As you are aware, he was always a marked character—Two or three weeks since, a lady in an adjoining room, gave him, a copy of Mr Raymond's, life of the President, for me to read & return to her—After reading it, I remarked to Robert, in Taddie's presence, that it was the most correct history, of his Father, that had been written—Taddie immediately spoke up & said "Mother, I am going to save, all the little money, you give me & get one of them"—R. told him, he need not, as he would buy, a copy—I press, the poor little fellow, closer, if possible, to my heart, in memory of the sainted Father, who loved him, so very dearly, as well as the rest of us—How I wish, you could have seen my dear husband, the last three weeks of his life! Having a realizing sense,

for a photograph—Although, I should like to oblige you, very much. There is an excellent painted likeness of me, at Brady's in N. Y. taken in 1861—have you, ever seen it? I am sure you will like it & I believe, it was taken, in a black velvet. I enclose you one of my precious, sainted Willie. You have doubtless heard, how very handsome a boy, he was considered—with a pure, gentle nature, always unassuming & an intellect, far, far beyond his years—When I reflect, as I am always doing, upon the overwhelming loss, of that, most idolized boy, and the crushing blow, that deprived me, of my all in all, in this life, I wonder that I retain my reason & live. There are hours of each day, that my mind, cannot be brought to realize, that He, who is considered, so great and good, a God, has thus seen fit to afflict us! How difficult it is to be reconciled to such a bereavement, how much sooner, each one, of our stricken family, if the choice had been left to us, would have preferred "passing away," ourselves—

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remembered to you. Whilst I remain  
Very Sincerely

Mary Lincoln.

Robert approved of Carpenter's purpose, but he came home from the law office in Chicago where he was working one evening in December much disgruntled. Frank Carpenter, it seemed, was running a series in the New York Independent on his White House experiences and he had used parts of Mary Lincoln's letter.

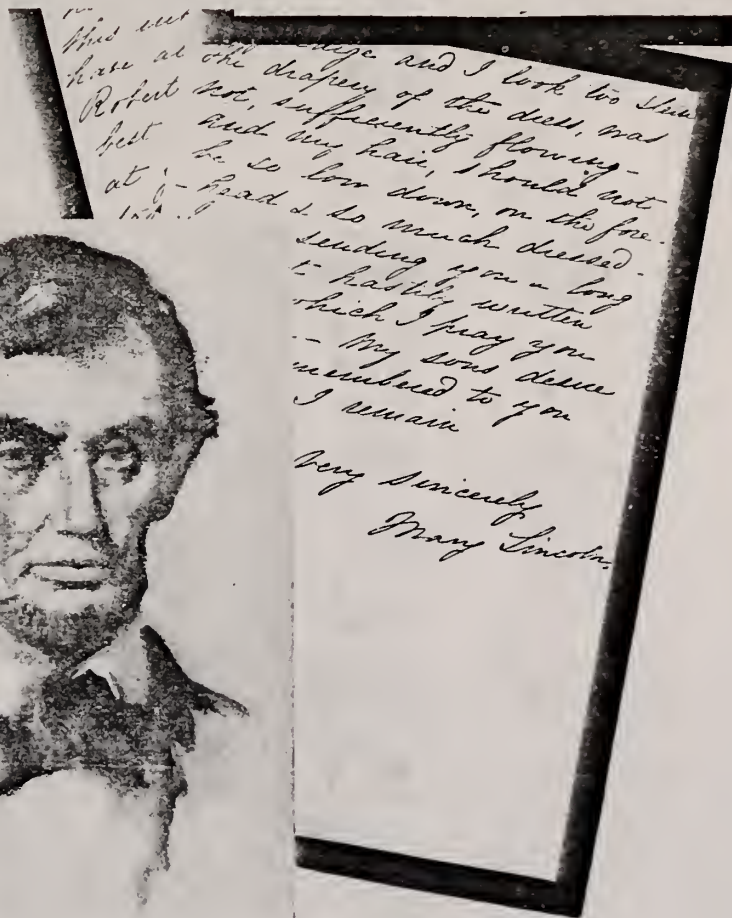
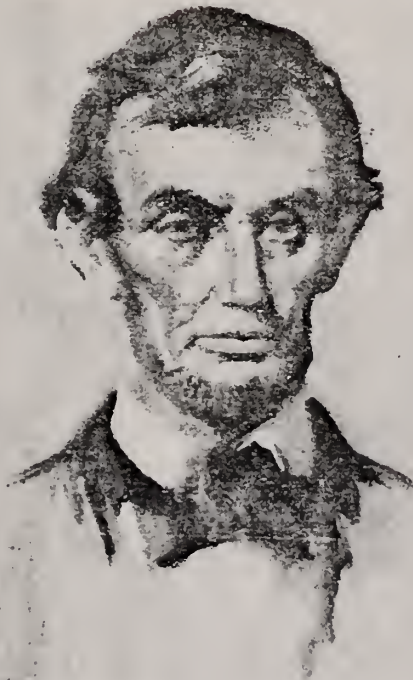
They had hoped, he and his mother, that the days of public exposé of their lives were over. But although Carpenter was handling them gently, it was all distasteful and poor Tad had come in for one or two hard bumps. Carpenter wrote:

I was sitting in Mr. Nicolay's room about ten o'clock, when Robert Lincoln came in with flushed face. "Well," said he, "I have just had a great row with the President of the United States!"

"What?" said I.

"Yes," he replied, "and very good cause there is for it, too. Do you know, Tad went over to the War Department today and Stanton, for the fun of the thing, commissioned him lieutenant. On the strength of that what does Tad do but go off and order a quantity of muskets sent to the house!"

"Tonight he had the audacity to discharge (Continued on page 21)"









# Lincoln's Last Day

(Continued from page 33)

the guard and he then mustered all the gardeners and servants, gave them guns, drilled them and put them on duty in their place. I found it out an hour ago and thinking it a great shame as the men had been hard at work all day, I went to Father with it. But instead of punishing Tad as I think he ought, he evidently looks upon it as a tremendous joke and won't do anything about it!"

Rob read this aloud to his mother and Tad and at the little boy's indignant protest, he said, "Then perhaps you prefer this, Tad! Carpenter says that you asked a man who had called on Mother: 'Do you think my father has gone to heaven?' 'I have not a doubt of it,' he replied. 'Then,' you exclaimed, 'I'm glad he has gone there, for he never was happy after he came here! This was not a good place for him.'"

"Oh, Tad," cried Mary as Bob finished, "that's not fair! Your darling father had many many happy hours with us."

"I never said it!" shouted Tad.

"That settles it," said Mary. "I'll not help Frank Carpenter by lifting a finger!"

But she did! When she received a letter full of sympathy asking for more information relative to the photographs, Mary felt her indignation evaporate and wrote him again from a full heart.

Chicago Dec 8th 1865

Mr Carpenter

My dear Sir:

The saddest of *all*, *my very sad* days, has passed. *Thanksgiving* day, and by way, of diverting my mind & memory, from the recollection of *yesterday*, I have concluded, to reply, to your very kind note, so recently received. Only those, who have suffered & lost, what made life, so well worth, living for, can fully understand, the return of Anniversaries, that recall the past, so vividly to the mind & make the day of general praise & rejoicing, so painful, to the sufferer. But I will not complain, or return to my sorrows. I must endeavour to make the best, of the life, that is left me, for the sake, of my sons, who have had, so much, to try them: I thought, you would be satisfied, with the likenesses, of my darling little boys, "Willie & Taddie, taken in 1861—they will answer very well, for the picture, you propose painting. Even, in *that* likeness, of Willie, justice, is not done him, he was a very beautiful boy, with a most *spiritual* expression of face. He was a most peculiarly religious child, with great amiability & cheerfulness of character—It is impossible, for *time*, to alleviate, the anguish, of *such irreparable losses*—only the grace of God, can calm our grief & still the tempest. I wish you could have known, that dear boy, for *child*, he scarcely seemed to me. So unlike little Taddie, yet so devoted to him—Their love for each other, was charming to behold. Taddie, was quite worried, about the expression, he was said, to have made use of, on *that* Sabbath Morning, he says "His Father was always—so happy, when he was alone, with his Mother & himself, that he scarcely, believes, he said it." In his great grief, it is impossible for him to remember, all his utterances—I have been reading Dr Holland's Memoirs, of my husband—and was quite surprised, at the mention of a circumstance, in the "long ago," the publication of which, would have annoyed, the President, very much. You may have heard, of the little







coterie, we had in Springfield, years since, who have, all since, in a greater or less degree, distinguished themselves, in the political world. Genl Hardin, Baker, Douglas, Trumbull—Shields and my great & glorious husband, always a "World, above them all," these men constituted our society. Shields, was always, a subject of mirth, his impulsiveness & drolleries were irresistible. On one occasion, he made himself, so conspicuous, that I committed his follies, to rhyme & some person, looking over the silly verses—carried them off & had them published in the daily paper of the place. The sarcastic allusions irritated Shields & he demanded the Author, of the Editor, the latter, requesting, a few days, for reflection, repaired to Mr Lincoln, who having heard of it, through me, immediately told the Editor, that "he would be responsible." A few days after this, Mr L— almost forgetting the circumstance, went off, some two hundred miles to court, and to make a foolish story, very short, was followed by Shields, demanding satisfaction. Mr L— accepted, scarcely knowing what he was doing, they repaired to St Louis, to "Bloody Island," with their "long swords," the choice of weapons, being left to Mr L—the challenged party—Genl Hardin, my cousin, stepped in their midst & effected a reconciliation. No doubt, much to *their* satisfaction. This affair, always annoyed, my husband's, peaceful nerves—and as it occurred six months, before we were married, he said, he felt, he could do no less, than be my champion. However, if the same cause, had transpired a year & half before, it would doubtless have been the same result, as our mutual relations, were *then*, the same. Last February, an officer of our army, presented himself, in the drawing room, of the W. H. on one, of those fortunate & especial occasions, when the President, was able to respond to my urgent invitation, to accompany me, to the drawing room, if "only for an hour."—This Genl in the course of conversation, said, playfully, to my husband, "Mr President, is it true, as I have, heard that you, once went out, to fight a duel & all for the sake, of the lady, by your side. Mr Lincoln, with a flushed face, replied. I do not deny it, but if you desire my friendship, you will never mention it, again"—Immediately, after the occurrence, months, before we were married, *we*, mutually agreed, on no occasion to allude to it & gradually it ceased to be mentioned.—In the long lapse of years—I marvel that Dr H. should have heard, of this very unnecessary episode, in my lamented husband's life. All this is between ourselves—I must say, I was greatly surprised, to see a simple letter of mine, written, when my heart, was bursting, with its great sorrow, in print. I will forgive you—in the hope, it may never occur again.—If we are ever sufficiently well situated, to invite our friends to see us, I hope you will visit us, accompanied by Mrs C. and I can tell you, many things, of my dearly beloved husband, that I have not sufficient time or calmness, to commit to paper. Taddie is greatly mortified, that you have exposed his little waywardness—but he is a dear amiable loving boy, after all and I presume, will forgive you.

Your friend Mary Lincoln.

The Carpenters so far as we know never visited Mary in Chicago and so we lost for all time those "many things," those precious things, she would have committed to their keeping.

What a glimpse into one of the world's supreme tragedies! Surely among all the letters of the world, these are unique!







# Pen Picture of Lincoln's Last Hours

An intimate picture of the home life of Abraham Lincoln was presented last year in Hearst's International Combined with Cosmopolitan Magazine in an article entitled "Lincoln's Last Day," by Mrs. Houore Willse Morrow, which brought to light two hitherto unpublished letters of the great President's widow, Mary Todd Lincoln.

The letters were written to Frank Carpenter, a New York artist who had painted the President's portrait two years before, and a friend of the Lincoln family. They were occasioned by a request for photographs of the entire family as they were in 1861 when the President himself and the son, Willie, were alive, that from these he might build a group for a painting of the family.

The letters are the possessions of Paul Coster, Jr., of New York, who inherited them from his late uncle, Robert Coster. They reveal Mary Todd Lincoln in a light in which she has possibly never before been pictured. They show her, the author says, "Not as a Xantippe, not as a clod, but as a lovable, cultured, suffering human soul."

The author bemoans the fact that such a rich source of facts regarding the martyred Lincoln should have been neglected by biographers and historians of the day.

"Fifty years too late," she writes, "historians are beginning to realize that Lincoln's wife could have given them more than any other human being about his psychology and his history; could have given them precious facts. Nothing I have read has shown me so clearly as these letters what history has lost by their inexcusable neglect."

"For nearly fifty years the name of Mary Lincoln has been shrouded in contumely. She has been written into history as a coarse, ill-educated scold, a curse to her husband and her children—and then, through the discovery of letters such as these she suddenly, after a half century, reveals herself to us."

The letters were written while the widow was still in the throes of the shock attendant to the assassination of her husband. She had, says the author, fled to Chicago and had buried herself in a hotel in Hyde Park with her two sons.

Throughout both letters there is evidence of her grief over the loss of her husband and her son. The memory of the fatal day is indelibly imprinted in her memory.

"How I wish," runs the letter, "you could have seen my dear husband the last three weeks of his life. Having a realizing sense that the unnatural conflict was near its close, and being most of the time away from W. (Washington), where he had endured such conflicts of mind within the last four years, feeling so encouraged, he freely gave vent to his cheerfulness."

"Down the Potomac, he was almost boyish in his mirth and reminded me of his original nature, what I had always remembered of him, in our own home—free from care, surrounded by those he loved so well and by whom he was so idolized."

"The Friday, I never saw him so supremely cheerful—his manner was almost playful. At three o'clock in the afternoon he drove out with me in the open carriage. In starting I asked him if anyone should accompany us. He immediately replied, 'No, I prefer to ride by ourselves today.'

"During the ride he was so gay that I said to him, 'Dear husband, you almost startle me by your great cheerfulness.' He replied, 'And well I may feel so, Mary. I consider this day the war has come to a close.' And then added, 'We must both be more cheerful in the future—between the war and the loss of our darling Willie—we have both been very miserable.'

"Every word then uttered is deeply engraven on my poor, broken heart."

In the second epistle, written December 8, 1865, she refers to the late Thanksgiving day as, "the saddest of all my very sad days. . . . Only those who have suffered and lost what made life so well worth living for can fully understand the return of anniversaries."

She again refers to the dead Willie and tells the artists that in the picture of him she has sent for the family group, "justice is not done him—he was a very beautiful boy with a most spiritual expression of face."

Carpenter was running a series in a New York paper, says the author, on his White House experiences, and he had used part of Mrs. Lincoln's letter. She rebuked him with:

"I must say I was greatly surprised to see a simple letter of mine, written when my heart was bursting with its great sorrow, in print. I will forgive you—in the hope it may never occur again."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Oct. 10, 1900 (A) J. M. C.







# LIGHT ON LINCOLN'S LAST DAYS; HIS SPIRIT WAS ONE OF TRIUMPH

## Unconscious of His Impending Doom, He Was Planning Peace and Reconstruction for the Nation He Had Kept Whole

*The following article, which deals with the last days of Lincoln, is the sixth of a series based on more than 2,000 letters and papers, none of them appearing in any of the standard editions of Lincoln's works and many of them now published for the first time. Mr. Hertz is one of the best-known students and collectors of Lincoln material.*

By EMANUEL HERTZ.

THE last days of Lincoln's life gave no visible warning that they were the last. His own powers were at their height. Victory was crowning the Union arms on every front. In Virginia Grant was drawing around Lee's tattered battalions his cordon of steel. Sherman, in his march from Atlanta to the sea, had broken the backbone of the Confederacy. Thomas had wiped out Hood's army in Tennessee. Sheridan's troopers rode at will through the Shenandoah Valley, and the city of Washington was secure at last. The Northern navy had a stranglehold on the Southern ports. Little went out and less came in to aid the South. Long ago Lincoln's diplomacy had made an end of the very idea of foreign intervention in aid of the Confederacy. The rail splitter's lengthening shadow stretched across the American continent, darkened the prospects of the French, who were trying to maintain Maximilian upon the shaky throne of Mexico, and was visible even in Europe.

As Lincoln's first term drew to a close and as his second term began he was not only the victor in a great conflict but the arbiter of a nation's destiny. A little more than four years earlier he had been making ready to start on his journey to Washington—to all the world an untired man. Now, as Stanton was so soon to say, he belonged to the ages.

### Plans for Reconstruction.

But this he could not know, except in the darkness of his dreams. He faced with growing hope the practical problems of the situation. The terms of peace were calling for determination. What of reconstruction? What policies would meet the ideas and prejudices of the leaders in Congress and of his Cabinet? How best could the nation's wounds be healed? How could the former slaves be started on the weary road to actual freedom, education and self-support?

The last weeks of Lincoln's life become especially important because of the endless debate as to what would have happened had he, rather

occupying and using peaceably during the war, until recently, when the Provost Marshal has, in the name of the United States Government, seized the whole of said property and ejected her from it. It also appears by her statement to me that her husband went off in the rebellion at the beginning, wherein he still remains. . . .

The seizure must have been on some claim confiscation, a matter of which the courts and not the Provost Marshal, or other military officers, are to judge. In this very case would probably be the question, "Is either the husband or wife a traitor?" "Is the property of the wife confiscable for the treason of her husband?" and similar questions, all which it is ridiculous for a Provost Marshal to assume to decide.

The true rôle of the military is to seize such property as is needed for military use and reasons and let the rest alone. Cotton and other staple articles of commerce are seizable for military reasons. Dwelling houses and furniture are seldom so. If Mrs. Morton is playing traitor, to the extent of practical injury, seize her, but leave her home to the court. Please review and adjust this case upon these principles.

Senator L. W. Powell of Kentucky came to him with the complaint that Union soldiers had been foraging on the property of the Sisters of Charity in his State. Lincoln sat down and jotted the desired safeguard on a card, still in possession of the order:

Let no depredation be committed upon the property or possession of the "Sisters of Charity" at Nazareth Academy, near Bardstown, Ky. Jan. 17, 1865.

A. LINCOLN.

He would not tolerate discrimination against sects or classes. He had revoked Grant's General Order No. 11, which forbade "Jews, as a class," to come within Grant's line. On Jan. 25, 1865, he wrote to Stanton:

About Jews. I wish you would give Dr. Zacharie a pass to go to Savannah, remain a week and return, bringing with him, if he wishes, his father and sisters, or any of them. . . . Blumenberg, at Baltimore. I think he should have a hearing. He has suffered for us and served us well—had the rope around his neck for being our friend—raised troops—fought, and been wounded. He should not be dismissed in a way that ruins him without a hearing.

Leopold Blumenberg was a Maryland loyalist who had been wounded at Antietam and later appointed Provost Marshal of the Third Maryland district. He had been dismissed eight days before the date of Lincoln's letter.

### A Peace Conference.

In February, 1865, Lincoln and Seward met Confederate emissaries on board a steamer near Fortress Monroe in Hampton Roads to listen to peace proposals. The conference

Work Garrett, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company:

It is said we shall soon all be in the dark here, unless you can bring coal to make gas. I suppose you would do this, without any interference, if you could; and I only write now to say, it is very important to us; and not to say that you must stop supplying the army to make room to carry coal. Do all you can for us in both matters.

The war cloud is lifting. This letter, written on March 1, 1865, to Thomas W. Conway, General Superintendent of Freedmen for the Department of the Gulf, shows how Lincoln approached the problem of the liberated Negro:

Your statement to Major Gen. Hurlbut of the condition of the freedmen of your department, and of your success in the work of their moral and physical elevation, has reached me and given me much pleasure. That we shall be entirely successful in our efforts I firmly believe. The blessings of God and the efforts of good and faithful men will bring us an earlier and happier consummation than the most sanguine friends of the freedmen could reasonably expect.

April comes and the war is nearing its close. In Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas he has gathered as able a group of generals as ever led an army to victory. But Lincoln remains a strategist and follows every move. The Battle of Five Forks is coming to an end. Lee is being thrust back, will soon have to evacuate Petersburg and retire toward Appomattox, where he will deliver his army to his old enemy, Grant. It is half-past 5 o'clock on the afternoon of April 1. Lincoln, from army headquarters at City Point, wires Seward at Fortress Monroe:

Dispatch just received, showing that Sheridan, aided by Warren, had at 2 P. M. pushed the enemy back so as to re-take the five forks and bring his own headquarters up to J. Boissan's. The five forks were barricaded by the enemy and carried by Diven's division of cavalry. This part of the enemy seem to now be trying to work







along the White Oak Road, to join the main force in front of Grant, while Sheridan and Warren are pressing them as closely as possible.

It is clear that we cannot see his last days in the light in which they appeared to him. For us they are overshadowed with the knowledge of what was to come. For him they seemed to mark the passing of the cloud that had hung over the land for four terrible years. For him peace lies ahead. It may seem amazing that small politics and appointments to office should hold his attention to the very last moment of his life. But he was looking ahead, and he knew by what means he could keep a loyal party and loyal State and Congressional leaders behind him, to help him in reconstruction as they had helped him in the great adventure of saving the Union. So on the day before his assassination he has time to write to the Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCulloch:

The office of Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifth Collection District of California is vacant by the resignation of Charles Maltby. I would like to oblige General Schenck by the appointment of his nephew, William C. S. Smith, long a resident of the district, to fill the vacancy. I am satisfied that he is competent, and of good character, and that his appointment will be satisfactory in the district and State. Unless you know some valid objection, send me an appointment for him.

#### Day Imperfectly Recorded.

His last day has been the subject of many a book, and still it remains—and may always remain—incompletely chronicled. We do know that it was a day of great and even happy activity. Lee had surrendered five days earlier. Johnston, with the only other important Confederate force, was that very day asking for an armistice. The news was tonic to the war-worn President. Men of less doughty fiber had failed all around him. His old antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, had died in June, 1861. Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, suffering from what we should now call shell shock, had wandered off aimlessly from the task assigned to him. Hooker, worn out, had broken down on the eve of Gettysburg. Even Stanton, prodigious worker though he was, was beginning to show signs of absolute exhaustion. Lincoln alone, almost like a man refreshed, works on. On April 14, his last day, the Federal appointments for Maryland come up. He has a conference

#### THE INCOMPLETE RECORD OF LINCOLN'S LAST DAY

THE last day of Lincoln's life has not been completely chronicled. It is known, however, that he conferred on Maryland appointments with Governor Swann and Senator Creswell; that he pardoned Benjamin F. Twilley, a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md.; that he held a Cabinet meeting which General Grant attended; that he prepared a speech with which he intended to greet Sir Frederick Bruce, the new British Minister, next day; and that he deferred an appointment so that he might attend the theatre performance at which he was shot.

with Governor Swann and Senator Creswell, and the names are agreed to, as he writes on the memorandum of the interview, "on a plan suggested by me."

One could not well imagine a day in Lincoln's life at this time passing without a pardon. Creswell brought or sent him a note asking for the pardon of Benjamin F. Twilley, a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md. Lincoln scanned the application and wrote, as he had written so many times before, "Let it be done," and added his signature and the date—destined to be so historic.

That same day he had called his last Cabinet meeting, sending out the note in his own handwriting. "Please assemble the Cabinet," he wrote to Seward, "at 11 A. M. today. General Grant will meet with us." Those who were present at that meeting testified that Lincoln had never seemed so cheerful and happy. His weariness was dropping from him. He was in a holiday mood. He had made an appointment with Senator William H. Stewart, but it conflicted with another. So he sent a note to Stewart:

I am engaged to go to the theater with Mrs. Lincoln. It is the kind of an engagement I never break. Come with your friend tomorrow at ten and I shall be glad to see you.

When "tomorrow at ten" came Lincoln's eyes were closed forever. His destiny had moved on swift wings. It is remarkable how many people, some of whom might have saved him, declined the invitation to go with him. Grant had left with Mrs. Grant to visit their children. Major Eckert had work to do for Stanton. Postmaster General Denni-

son refused on religious grounds. Robert Lincoln and John Hay had been out horseback riding and were too tired. The faithful Lamon was away—with his vigilant eye he might, had he been present, have seen the assassin in time to avert the tragedy.

We have one more document to add to this account of his final phase, one which he had prepared before going to Ford's Theatre, and which he was to have delivered on the following day, Saturday, April 15, to Sir Frederick Bruce, England's newly appointed Minister to the United States. On the following Monday Andrew Johnson, the new President, in his temporary office in the Treasury Department, asked one of the secretaries to read this address of his late chief. So Lincoln was made to speak even after all that was mortal of him was at rest.

The address ran in part as follows:

Sir Frederick A. W. Bruce.

Sir: The cordial and friendly sentiments which you have expressed on the part of her Britannic majesty give me great pleasure. Great Britain and the United States, by the extended and varied forms of commerce between them, the contiguity of positions of their possessions, and the similarity of their language and laws, are drawn into contrast and intimate discourse at the same time. They are from the same causes exposed to frequent occasions of misunderstanding, only to be averted by mutual forbearance. So eagerly are the people of the two countries engaged throughout almost the whole world in the pursuit of similar commercial enterprises, accompanied by natural rivalries and jealousies, that at first sight it would almost seem that the two governments must be enemies, or at best cold and calculating friends. So devoted are the two nations throughout all their domain, and even in their most remote territorial and colonial possessions, to the principles of civil rights and constitutional liberty, that, on the other hand, the superficial observer might erroneously count upon a continued concert of action and sympathy, amounting to an alliance between them.

Each is charged with the development of the progress and liberty of a considerable portion of the human race. Each, in its sphere, is subject to difficulties and trials, not participated in by the other. The interest of civilization and of humanity require that the two should be friends.

The language of diplomacy is not that of the Gettysburg speech or of the second inaugural. The emotion has been strained out of this address as it might be out of a legal document. Yet it is the spirit of Lincoln that here speaks.







# LINCOLN LORE

No. 105

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

April 13, 1931

## LINCOLN LORE

BULLETIN OF  
THE LINCOLN  
HISTORICAL  
RESEARCH  
FOUNDATION



ENDOWED BY  
THE LINCOLN  
NATIONAL LIFE  
INSURANCE  
COMPANY

Dr. Louis A. Warren - - - Editor

APRIL 14, 1865

The first copy of Lincoln Lore published in 1929 bore the date April 15, the day of the month on which Lincoln died. Week by week for the past two years this bulletin has sent forth some item which has contributed to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. This anniversary number again returns to the theme of the initial broadside, Lincoln's last day, as a timely subject for the issue in hand.

Schuyler Colfax has the honor of having been the first as well as the last official caller on this fatal day of Lincoln's life.

W. A. Howard, a Grand Rapids lawyer, who was in Washington on government business, has been named as Lincoln's forgotten Michigan caller. Hon. Cornelius Cole, of California, claims to have been with Speaker Colfax at the White House.

On the morning of the 14th, Lincoln is said to have received three Maryland callers: John A. Creswell, who was calling in the interest of a Confederate friend held prisoner, which prisoner was released by the famous "Let this be done," note; the Governor of the state, Bradford, who had endorsed Lincoln's second election emphatically, to the dissatisfaction of Horace Greeley and other newspaper publishers, who had asked his opinion.

Lincoln's third Maryland visitor was one John Gribbel, of Philadelphia, who also sought clemency for a younger brother who had ran away and joined the rebel army, and was now held prisoner, awaiting trial.

On the day of his assassination President Lincoln had composed a short speech in answer to the new British Minister's message on presenting his credentials and letters, and which speech was impressive in its dignity.

Lincoln's last official orders were mainly acts of mercy. He worked hard to clear up the docket of names of Federal prisoners, fearing that they "might come before harsher judges," and among his notes giving these prisoners their freedom is found the one which reads simply, "Let it be done"; also "Let the prisoner be released on taking the oath of December 8, 1863," the latter being a hastily written missive.

The desire of a rebel leader wishing to escape to the North without

punishment, and Lincoln's allowing him to do so over the protests of other members of the Cabinet, resulted in Lincoln's last recorded story, the one about the Irishman, who, after swearing temperance, wishes to know if just a drop be put in his more harmless drinks, "unbeknowst" to him.

A slave dealer's warrant for pardon was signed by Lincoln sometime during the day, and sent to the attorney general's office to be attested and executed.

### PROGRAM OF LINCOLN'S LAST DAY

- 7 A. M.—Arose.
- 7:30 A. M. to 8 A. M.—Transacts business in office.
- 8 A. M. to 9 A. M.—Breakfast; Robert home from front.
- 9 A. M. to 10 A. M.—Interview with Colfax, Cole & Howard.
- 10 A. M. to 10:30 A. M.—Interviews with Creswell, Hale, etc.
- 10:30 A. M. to 11 A. M.—Visit to War Dept.
- 11 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.—Cabinet meeting, Gen. Grant present.
- 1:30 P. M. to 2 P. M.—Light luncheon; at close sees Neill, Sec.
- 2 P. M. to 3 P. M.—In office; just before leaving sees Dana.
- 3 P. M. to 5 P. M.—Drive with Mrs. Lincoln and Tad.
- 5 P. M. to 6 P. M.—Relaxation in office with Illinois friends.
- 6 P. M. to 6:30 P. M.—Dinner; Brooks calls at close.
- 6:30 P. M. to 7 P. M.—Trip to War Department.
- 7 P. M. to 7:30 P. M.—Preparing for theatre.
- 7:30 P. M. to 8:30 P. M.—Interview with Colfax and Ashmun, etc.

The men to whom Lincoln granted interviews before dinner that evening were Governor Oglesby and Senator Yates, of Illinois; with them he had a long and pleasant visit. He read to them from the book of humor which he had chosen for that day, the subject and authorship of which has been an object of much debate since then, and is as yet unsettled.

Isaac N. Arnold, of Chicago, saw Lincoln just as he was stepping into his theatre carriage, and upon stating his errand, was answered: "Excuse me now. I am going to the theatre. Come and see me in the morning."

One of the last of Lincoln's autographs is supposed to have been attached to a note to the manager of the National Theatre, regretting his inability to accept an invitation to attend the latter's evening performance, because of the previous arrangements at Ford's; this note was given to R. L. Frasier, then an office boy, and presumably has been lost.

Among those signatures competing for honors is that note bidding Senator Stewart, of Nevada, to call with his friends at the White House the following morning; also the note to Edward H. Rollins, who sought his endorsement on a petition from New Hampshire. Rollins, upon hearing of Lincoln's death later that evening, did not present this petition, but kept it as a memento of the martyred President.

The note stating that "no pass is necessary now to authorize anyone to go to & return from Petersburg & Richmond. People go & return just as they did before the war," has, together with a lock of the President's hair, which was attached, passed into strange hands and been lost.

A document supposedly signed just before Lincoln left for the theatre was found lying open on his desk when the room was entered after the assassination; it was the appointment of Alvin Saunders as Governor of the Territory of Nebraska.

"Allow Mr. Ashmun & friend to come in at 9 A. M. tomorrow—" reads the note familiar to many students, which also puts in its claim as being Lincoln's last autograph, and is, according to most authorities, undoubtedly the last, as Ashmun, together with Colfax, Speaker of the House, was with the President approximately from 7:30 P. M. until his departure for the theatre.

Another claim for a "last signature" is the forgotten endorsement concerning the appointment of Milton Kelley, of Idaho, for the position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in that territory.

Among other acts granting pardons is that of the Union soldier appealing for the pardon of his Confederate brother held prisoner. The descendants of the prisoner, George Vaughan, of Canton, Missouri, say that after several appeals to higher courts, one of which won Lincoln's favor, Stanton still remained obdurate about the prisoner, and Senator Henderson, to whom Vaughan had appealed, called in desperation on the President that evening, and found him dressed for the theatre, but still willing to take time and sign the pardon giving freedom to Vaughan and several others: "Let these men take the oath of Dec. 8, 1863, and be discharged."

Lincoln was done receiving callers at 3 P. M., after which he went for a drive with Mrs. Lincoln. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, and Orville H. Browning called after this time, but did not send in their cards, preferring to return at 7 that evening. Having no appointment, they waited an hour and then departed.

#### Note:

"Further Light on Lincoln's Last Day," a recent publication by John W. Starr, Jr., has been closely consulted in gathering material for this monograph. The program of Lincoln's last day has been copied verbatim.







### LINCOLN'S LAST AFTERNOON

During the afternoon the President signed a pardon for a soldier sentenced to be shot for desertion, remarking as he did so, "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground."

He also approved an application for the discharge on taking the oath of allegiance, of a rebel prisoner, in whose petition he wrote, "Let it be done."

This act of mercy was his last official order.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1933

# LINCOLN'S LAST DAY WAS HAPPY

Biography Portrays What He  
Did in Hours Preceding  
Slaying at Theater.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—(AP)—Slowly there comes to light the moment-to-moment record of the president whose birthday is celebrated Feb. 12.

Now it is possible to piece together the story of Abraham Lincoln's last day—as simple and homely as was his first. There had been no mumbling soothsayers about when he was born, and no Napoleonic thunders marked his passing.

Lincoln was happy. His war routine was relaxed a little; he spent Good Friday, April 14, 1865, planning a kindly future for his family of states.

He was early at his desk that last day. It is pointed out in the late Dr. William E. Barton's "President Lincoln," an extended study of Lincoln's presidency. He wished to reach Gen. Grant with a note postponing a call from 9 o'clock until 11 o'clock, for which hour he

arranged a cabinet meeting.

Visitors began calling, among them two friends from Illinois days: Richard Yates, the new senator, and William P. Kellogg, the federal judge whom the president had just made collector of the port of New Orleans. On his departure Lincoln said earnestly to Kellogg:

"I want you to make love to those people down there."

Lincoln received a few others and mercifully released two Confederate prisoners before his customary visit to the War Department. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lincoln was arranging a theater party. With Maj. Henry R. Rathbone and his fiancée, Miss Cora Harris, they were to see Laura Keane in "Our American Cousin."

At the cabinet session Lincoln strongly urged respect and kindness for the south to make reconstruction easier.

After lunch, there were many callers, and again Lincoln signed amnesty pardons. Help was promised a woman who had worked in the Lincoln home in Illinois, now in reduced circumstances. The president then left for a drive with Mrs. Lincoln, through the warm spring sun, down past the navy yard.

## Swapped Stories.

One more gay moment was allowed Lincoln. When the drive ended late in the afternoon, two cronies from Illinois awaited him. Lincoln swapped stories with them.

After dinner a few callers, and a brief visit to the war department. One of the callers received his last autograph—a scribbled note saying "Allow Mr. Ashmun & friend to come in at 9 a. m. tomorrow." Mrs. Lincoln was already in the carriage when another Illinois friend, Isaac N. Arnold, hove into sight.

"I'm going to the theater," Lincoln is quoted in "President Lincoln" as having shouted. "Come and see me in the morning."

There were no further incidents. The president and his party arrived at Ford's theater a little before 9; at 10:10 o'clock John Wilkes Booth started for the presidential box, and in a moment the fatal shot rang out.







# Lincoln's Historians Got Vital Clue From Rev. Dr. Blakeslee

**Placed Him on Certain Hour on Day of Death**

Rev. Dr. Francis D. Blakeslee, of Los Angeles, Cal., who is visiting his son, Dr. George H. Blakeslee of Clark university, is one of the few living men who knew Abraham Lincoln and who participated in the dramatic events surrounding the assassination at Washington, D. C.

Dr. Blakeslee, when a lad of 19 years called on President Lincoln and recorded in his diary that he "shook his paw with a gusto." He saw Lincoln numerous times and heard him deliver his last public address. He marched behind his bier in the funeral procession at Washington, attended a part of the trial of the conspirators who were condemned for the assassination and secured the autograph of Boston Corbett, the soldier who shot John Wilkes Booth, the assassin.

## Civil War Reminiscences

Today Rev. Dr. Blakeslee's recollections of those turbulent days and of his connections with them are more than idle reminiscences. Although 88 years old, his mind is alert and clear. He can recall his experiences in the Civil War without distortion or confusion.

One incident in Dr. Blakeslee's life has been seized by biographers of Lincoln. It will be perpetuated because it is the only definite proof of where the President and first lady went between 3 and 5 p. m. on their last day together.

Rev. Dr. Blakeslee was a clerk in the Quartermaster General's office at Washington for a year and a half during the Civil War. Shortly before noon on April 14, 1865 the office closed for the day in observance of Good Friday. Rev. Dr. Blakeslee and other clerks of the office went to the navy yard to view the monitors which had so revolutionized fighting at sea.

While in the navy yard the group of clerks snapped to attention as the presidential carriage approached. They saluted President Lincoln, and, as Rev. Dr. Blakeslee recalls, the President returned the salute. It was only an incident in life at Washington, but Rev. Dr. Blakeslee made a note of it in his diary. That note and his recollections of the salute eventually cleared a point which stood moot for many years among the biographers.

Minute details of Lincoln's activities came under the scrutiny of biographers and historians. One of the fields of research was his last day of life. Records have enabled the writers to establish with a fair degree of certainty his program on the fatal April 14, 1865.

## Routine On Fatal Day

President Lincoln arose at 7 a. m. He was in his office transacting



Rev. Dr. Francis D. Blakeslee

business from 7.30 until 8 and from 8 until 9 he had breakfast. Robert Lincoln, his son, who was serving on General Grant's staff, was home from the front. From 9 until 10.30 a. m. he had conferences with men of prominence, all whom are known. From 10.30 until 11 a. m. he visited the War Department and the next three hours were occupied by a cabinet meeting and luncheon. From 2 until 3 p. m. he was again in his office.

The historians determined that from 3 until 5 p. m. the President, Mrs. Lincoln and their son, Tad, went for a drive. Evidence was gathered which seemed to indicate that the party went four miles from the White House to the Soldiers' home in Washington. But it was not conclusive evidence.

Dr. Blakeslee's diary brought to light for the first time that the President visited the navy yard that afternoon and not the Soldiers' home. It has been incorporated in books and widely accepted that the navy yard was the destination of the ride.

"Some fellow clerks and I went to the navy yard to see some monitors which had come in for repairs from the Fort Fisher engagement," Dr. Blakeslee said. "Just before we left, President Lincoln and his wife drove into that part of the yard where we were, and my fellow

**Saw and Heard President An Many Occasions**

clerks and I saluted them as they sat in their carriage.

## Lincoln Saluted Too

"We were standing upon an elevated platform like that of many railroad stations. They halted but a few minutes without getting out of the carriage. My recollection is that the President acknowledged the salutes."

Besides offering the evidence that is the sole proof extant of one point in Lincoln's life, Dr. Blakeslee is the author of two interesting booklets. One is entitled "Personal Recollections and Impressions of Abraham Lincoln," and the other, "How My Father Secured Lincoln's Autograph."

Dr. Blakeslee is a retired Methodist minister. For many years he was president of the Iowa Wesleyan university at Mt. Pleasant, Ia. He wears one of the first Phi Beta Kappa keys ever awarded and is often introduced to audiences as the "only man living who has both his sons with him in 'Who's Who in America.'"

## Loved World Over

Love for Lincoln is universal, he pointed out. On a trip around the world he addressed audiences in Rome, Jerusalem, Calcutta and all through India, Australia, New Zealand, the Malay peninsula and China.

"When I was speaking to 700 boys in a school in Japan, I entered the principal's office and found a picture of Lincoln on one side of the room and a picture of Washington on the other," he said.

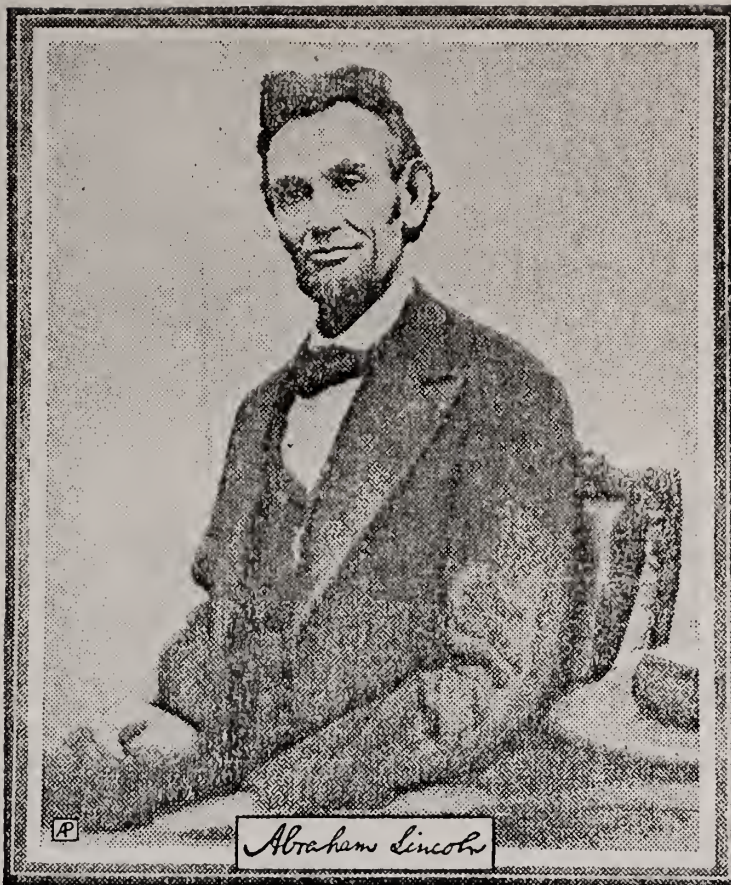
For the past four years he has delivered an address on Lincoln every day in February, Lincoln's birth-month. He is national chaplain for the Abraham Lincoln Fellowship.







## LINCOLN'S LAST DAY



This is the last picture of Abraham Lincoln, taken within the week preceding his assassination April 14, 1865. (Photo courtesy Meserve.)

BY JOHN SELBY.

NEW YORK. (P). Slowly there comes to light the moment-to-moment record of the president whose birthday is celebrated Feb. 12. Now it is possible to piece together the story of Abraham Lincoln's last day—as simple and homely as was his first. There had been no mumbling soothsayers about when he was born, and no Napoleonic thunders marked his passing.

Lincoln was happy. His war routine was relaxed a little; he spent Good Friday, April 14, 1865, planning a kindly future for his family of states. He was early at his desk that last day, it is pointed out in the late Dr. William E. Barton's "President Lincoln," an extended study of Lincoln's presidency. He wished to reach General Grant with a note postponing a call from 9 o'clock until 11 o'clock, for which hour he arranged a cabinet meeting.

Visitors began calling, among them two friends from Illinois days: Richard Yates, the new senator, and William P. Kellogg, the federal judge whom the president just had made collector of the port of New Orleans. On his departure Lincoln said earnestly to Kellogg: "I want you to make love to those people down there."

Lincoln received a few others and mercifully released two confederate prisoners before his customary visit to the war depart-

ment. Meanwhile Mrs. Lincoln was arranging a theater party. With Major Henry Rathbone and his fiancée, Miss Cora Harris, they were to see Laura Keane in "Our American Cousin."

At the cabinet session Lincoln strongly urged respect and kindness for the south to make reconstruction easier. After lunch there were many callers, and again Lincoln signed amnesty pardons. The president then left for a drive with Mrs. Lincoln, thru the warm spring sun, down past the navy yard.

One more gay moment was allowed Lincoln. When the drive ended late in the afternoon two cronies from Illinois awaited him. Lincoln swapped stories with them.

After dinner a few callers, and a brief visit to the war department. One of the callers received his last autograph—a scribbled note saying "Allow Mr. Ashmun & friend to come in at 9 A. M. tomorrow." Mrs. Lincoln was already in the carriage when another Illinois friend, Isaac N. Arnold, hove into sight.

"I'm going to the theater," Lincoln is quoted in "President Lincoln" as having shouted. "Come and see me in the morning."

There were no further incidents. The president and his party arrived at Ford's theater a little before nine; at 10:10 o'clock John Wilkes Booth started for the presidential box, and in a moment the fatal shot rang out.







## *Lincoln Happy on His Last Day at White House*

Researchers have recently unearthed items from which it is possible to piece together a complete account of Abraham Lincoln's last day.

It appears that Lincoln was happy, and that he devoted most of the day to plans for a friendly rehabilitation of the defeated South.

The evidence, presented in Dr. William E. Barton's "President Lincoln," indicates that he was at his desk early, that he wished to postpone an appointment with Gen. Grant from 9 to 11 o'clock, for which hour he arranged a Cabinet meeting.

### **Friends from Illinois**

Among his visitors that morning were two friends from Illinois: Richard Yates, the new Senator, and William P. Kellogg, who had just been appointed collector of the port of New Orleans.

To the latter Lincoln remarked, "I want you to make love to those people down there."

He then received other callers, released two Confederate prisoners and visited the War Department. Meantime, Mrs. Lincoln arranged a theater party with Maj. Henry R. Rathbone and his fiancée, Miss Cora Harris.

At the Cabinet meeting Lincoln urged respect and kindness toward the South. Following lunch, there were more callers, and he signed amnesty pardons. Followed, a drive with Mrs. Lincoln past the Navy Yard, during which Lincoln revelled in the returning warmth of spring.

At the end of the drive another one of his great joys awaited him: Two of his Illinois cronies had appeared in Washington and he chuckled over an exchange of stories until dinner time.

### **Lincoln's Last Autograph**

More callers and a visit to the War Department followed dinner. One of these late callers received his last autograph, a scribbled note to allow the caller's passage into his office on the following morning.

As he climbed into the waiting carriage that was to take him to Ford's Theater, another old friend from Illinois appeared.

"Come and see me in the morning," he shouted, and was gone to his rendezvous with death in the Presidential box.

The chair in which he kept that rendezvous is at present a part of the Henry Ford historical collection.







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Pictured above is the presidential box at Ford's Theater. Toward the end of his administration, Lincoln's theatrical taste became more sophisticated. When he witnessed John E. McCullough in the role of Edgar in the play "King Lear", he was so pleased with the actor's performance that he asked him to come to his box between acts. McCullough, clad in his fantastic costume of rags and straw, received great praise from the President. The President's favorite play was "Macbeth".

## Lincoln's Last Day

How did Abraham Lincoln spend the last day of his life . . . . Good Friday, April 14, 1865? As nearly as can be ascertained, this is the story of his final hours. (The article has been authorized by Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, Director of the Lincoln National Museum.)

**7:00 a.m.** - The President did a half-hour's work in the office after arising. Following breakfast, he held a series of routine interviews and visited the War Department.

**11:00 a.m.** - Mr. Lincoln attended a Cabinet meeting. At the meeting, he remarked that news of the war would "come soon and come favorable." (The President was referring to Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston who had not yet accepted the South's defeat.) Mr. Lincoln's feeling was based, he

The handbill on the cover publicizes the play which Mr. Lincoln was watching on April 14, 1865, when shot. It is an original and is on display in the Lincoln Museum.



said, on a dream that preceded every important event of the war.

1:00 p.m. - Lincoln had lunch.

2:00 p.m. - Lincoln pardoned a deserter and ordered the release of George Vaughan, a Confederate Prisoner sentenced to death as a spy.

3:00 p.m. - The Lincoln family went for a carriage ride.

5:00 p.m. - Upon returning from the ride, the President entertained Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House, and Congressman George Ashman.

6:00 p.m. - Mr. Lincoln met with journalist friend, Scranton Brooks, of the Sacramento Union. He repeated to Brooks a previously expressed wish that he would not have to attend the theater, adding "but, Mrs. Lincoln insisted that the people ought not to be disappointed."

7:30 p.m. - The Lincolns left for the theater. Shortly before leaving, the President wrote a note which would allow Congressman Ashman and a friend to visit him the following day. These were the last words he wrote.

8:30 p.m. - Mr. Lincoln and his small party arrived at Ford's Theater to see the play, "Our American Cousin."

10:15 p.m. - A muffled shot was heard. Mrs. Lincoln screamed. The President had been shot. He was carried from the theater unconscious. At 7:22 a.m., April 15, the last spark of life went out. The Great Emancipator was dead.

Lincoln was moved from the theater to the home of William Petersen, 453 - 10th Street, N.W., and placed upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the house. (The picture is not accurate. The artist pictured all visitors who called.) Mrs. Lincoln, and son, Robert, were at Mr. Lincoln's side throughout the night. At 7:22 and 10 seconds on April 15, the 16th President's pulse ceased to beat.









# Lincoln's Last Day: An account by Thomas Austin Laird

*(Thomas Austin Laird, a military telegrapher during the Civil War, was in Ford's Theatre when President Lincoln was shot and later wrote and signed the following account.)*

**A**fter dinner on April 14, 1865, while on Pennsylvania Avenue, walking towards the Capitol, I met a friend who invited me to go to the theatre with him.

We took seats in the fourth row from the stage to the right of the orchestra leader, about 15 feet from President Lincoln's box. We had a full view of the box and its occupants. Major Rathbone and Miss Harris sat in front, and the President and Mrs. Lincoln were further back.

The theatre was packed, it being a "gala night"—because of the presence of the presidential party, General Grant having also been expected. "Our American Cousin" was played, Laura Keene being the leading woman.

The first act was about half over when the President arrived, and the audience cheered enthusiastically until the party were seated, when the play was resumed.

In the third act, Madame Mountchessington leaves the stage in a huff, saying to Asa Trenchard:

"You don't understand the manners of good society. That alone can excuse the impertinence of which you are guilty."

Trenchard: "I guess I know enough to turn you inside out!"

(The audience claps and cheers.)

Just then we heard footsteps in the passage way back of the President's

box; and very soon after a pistol shot; and a man rushed through the President's box to the front, leaping over the ornamental railing through the flags that draped it; and with one foot on the outer ledge, swung himself outward and dropped to the stage. His spur caught in an American flag, and he fell to the stage; but recovering himself, he flourished a dagger to prevent anyone from grappling him. Stepping backwards, and holding his dagger above his head, he uttered the words: "*Sic Semper Tyrannus*," and then worked his way to the right entrance and out to the alley in the rear of the theatre.

I and others, near me, recognized John Wilkes Booth as he fell on the stage. To me he was no stranger, for I had seen him that very afternoon riding a bay horse down Pennsylvania Avenue. I had often seen him in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he played "Katherine and Petruccio" and "Ingomar" at Wood's Theatre.

While he was making his way out of the theatre, it appeared that "somebody" was helping him by the way in which the scenery was withdrawn out of the way.

This was about four minutes after ten o'clock. Five seconds of time

had elapsed, possibly ten. Most of the audience rose to its feet; many men shouting "Catch him"; "He has shot the President"; "Cut his heart out."

But no one molested the assassin, and he escaped.

I looked about me and found a woman near me had fainted at her escort's feet. I helped to place her in a chair. Many other women were in a hysterical condition. I lost my companion in the excitement. The noise was awful; the tumult and shrieks continued.

Miss Keene stepped to the front of the stage, and raising her hand, said: "Please be seated. Please be seated. The President is not dead."

She then picked up a glass of water, came down the steps near the drummer of the orchestra, passed me in the center aisle and worked her way thought the crowd towards the street front, turned to the left, and made her way to the President's box. All this occupied possibly two minutes; so short a space of time, and yet long enough to permit one to realize that a dastardly deed had been committed.

I went out of the theatre to Tenth Street and then through to "F"

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## "*Sic Semper Tyrannus*,"

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Street, and ran to the house of Major Thomas T. Eckert, where I lived. Major Eckert was Assistant Secretary of War and Chief of the War Department Telegraph Staff.

On reaching the house I burst in abruptly, ringing the bell as I entered; a colored servant met me in the hall-way and said, "Why Mistah Laird, you g'wine tear dat do' down!"

Major and Mrs. Eckert on the floor above came to the head of the stair-way, the Major asking: "What's the matter?"

I said President Lincoln had been shot at Ford's Theatre, but was not dead when I left there, three or four minutes before

The Major was about to shave himself, his face being covered with lather. He remarked: "I will be down in a moment!" He was ready almost immediately, and as we reached the street he ordered me to hasten to the War Department Telegraph Office and notify Mr. Bates, the Manager, of what had occurred and request him to summon to duty every operator available, and see that every wire was manned.

It required but a few minutes of lively sprinting to land me at the War Department, where I delivered Major Eckert's instructions to Manager Bates who was on duty with others of the Telegraph staff, including Albert B. Chandler and George C. Maynard. The latter had been in the theatre when the



*Building from which the horse was hired that Booth rode when he made his escape after shooting the President*

*Photo: Gelbach Collection, Lincoln College Museum*

President was shot and had come direct to the telegraph office.

Soon we were all busy sending and receiving important dispatches relating to the tragedy and the efforts of the authorities to find the assassins. Major Eckert established a relay of messengers between 10th Street and the War Department, and sent us hourly bulletins written by Secretary Stanton and addressed to Major General John A. Dix, New York city, for distribution to the press of the country.

John C. Hatter, now of Brooklyn, was Chief Messenger. These dispatches, when they reached the War Department, were quickly transmitted

by the faithful operators, who in the death of Abraham Lincoln had lost their best friend with whom they had been brought into such close contact for all the years of the war.

The news of his death reached the War Department at about eight o'clock Saturday morning, April 15, 1865.

For several days the telegraph staff had their meals served in the telegraph office by order of Secretary Stanton. We lacked nothing for comfort, except more exercise for our limbs beyond the confines of the halls of the War Department building. ☐

*"Catch him";  
"He has shot the President";  
"Cut his heart out."*







